



BOOK OF →  
SCOTTISH  
ANECDOTE.



THE BOOK  
OF  
SCOTTISH ANECDOTE

*HUMOROUS, SOCIAL, LEGENDARY  
AND HISTORICAL*

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER HISLOP

*EIGHTH EDITION*

GLASGOW: THOMAS D. MORISON

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO

# THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH ANECDOTE.

---

## OUT OF HIS DEPTH.

John, the pawky "man" of the Rev. Mr Aiken, of the parish of Morton, had a strange preacher officiating in what he called his "poo-pit" one Sunday. As the "man" thought that no minister could preach like his master, he was not favourably disposed towards the substitute. The text had been given out, and the minister had been for a considerable time talking *at* his subject, and beating about the bush with it, when an old woman, who, from a "want" of hearing, had not heard the text, applied to John for information in these terms—whispered loudly in his ear—

"Whaur's his grund, John, whaur's his grund?"

"Grund!" replied John, with a look of contempt; "he has nae grund, woman—he's sooming!"

## MEG DODS ON DEATH.

"Ay, and is it even sae?" said Meg; "and has the puir bairn been sae soon removed frae this fashious warld? Ay, ay, we maun a' gang ae gate—crackit quart stoups and geisened barrels—leaky quaighs are we a', and canna keep in the water o' life—Ohon sirs!"  
—*St Ronan's Well.*

## A DOUBLY HEINOUS CRIME.

Lord Eskgrove was a very "wordy" judge. Lord Cockburn says he heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus:—"And not only did you murder him, whereby he was berca-ved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel, the le-thal weapon through the bellyband of his regimental breeches, which were His Majesty's!"

## KING WILLIAM AND THE "THUMBKINS."

"I have heard," said King William, to Principal Carstairs, "that you were tortured with something they call 'thumbikins;' pray what sort of instrument of torture is it?"

"I will show it you," replied Carstairs, "the next time I have the honour to wait upon your Majesty."

The Principal was as good as his word. "I must try them," said the King. "I must put in my thumbs here—now, Principal, turn the screw. Oh! not so gently—another turn—another—stop! stop! no more. Another turn, I'm afraid, would make me confess anything."—*Statistical Account.*

## GOOD OMENS.

West wind to the bairn  
 When ga'an for its name;  
 And rain to the corpse  
 Carried to its lang hame.

A benny blue sky  
 To welcome the bride,  
 As she gangs to the kirk  
 Wi' the sun on her side.

## CHALMERS' PUNCTUALITY.

The punctuality which reigned over the domestic regulations of Dr Chalmers was sometimes not a little inconvenient to his guests. His aunt, while living in the house, appearing one morning too late for breakfast, and well knowing what awaited her if she did not "take the first word o' flyting," thus diverted the expected storm:—

"Oh! Mr Chalmers," she exclaimed, as she entered the room, "I had such a strange dream last night; I dreamt that you were dead."

"Indeed, aunt," said the Doctor, quite arrested by an announcement which bore so directly on his own future history.

"And I dreamt," she continued, "that the funeral day was named, and the funeral hour was fixed, and the funeral cards were written; and the day came, and the folk came, and the hour came; but what do you think happened? Why, the clock had scarce done chapping twelve, which was the hour named in the cards, when a loud knocking was heard within the coffin, and a voice, gey peremptory and ill-pleased like, came out of it, saying,

"'Twelve's chappit, and ye're no vifin':"

The Doctor was too fond of a joke not to relish this one; and, in the hearty laugh which followed, the ingenious culprit escaped.—*Rev. Dr Hanna.*

## A CURE FOR CHIN-COUGH.

Formerly in Scotland a person who rode a *pyat* or pie-bald horse was supposed to be endowed with a supernatural power to cure the chin-cough. I recollect a worthy friend of mine, who rode a horse of this description, told me, that he used to be pursued by people running after him out of every village and hamlet through which he passed, bawling, "Man wi' the pyatie horse, what's gude for the kink-host?" "But," he added, "I ay gied them a prescription that I was sure would do them nae harm. I bad them gie the bairn plenty o' sugar-candy."—*Jamieson.*

## DRUMLANRIG CASTLE.

This magnificent edifice took ten years in building, and was not finished till 1689, the year after the Revolution. Tradition relates that William, third earl and first duke of Queensberry, expended upon it such enormous sums of money, and during the only night that he ever passed within its walls, was so annoyed at not being able to obtain medical advice, to relieve him from a temporary fit of illness, that he abandoned it in disgust, and afterwards folding up the artificers' bills for erecting it into a sealed parcel, wrote upon the latter, "The deil pick out his een that looks herein." It would be interesting to know whether this sealed packet, with the terrible malison superscribed thereon, ever was opened by some daring descendant,—and, if so, whether any particularly remarkable consequences resulted.

## A QUESTION ANSWERED.

A rather mean and parsimonious old lady called one day upon David Dreghorn, a well-known Glasgow

fishmonger, saying, "Weel, Maister Dreghorn, how are ye selling your half salmon the noo?"

David, being rather in a cross humour, replied, "When we catch ony half salmon, mem, we'll let ye ken!"

#### WONDERFUL CURES.

1562. At this time divers great and uncommon cures having been performed by Robert Henderson, a surgeon, by order of the Council, viz., on a person whose hands were cut off, a man and woman run through their bodies with swords by the French, and a woman (said to have been worried) after she was buried, and lyen two days in the grave; for which extraordinary performances the Council ordered him the sum of twenty merks, Scottish money.—*Mailland.*

#### THE LAIRD OF BALGARVIE.

It is reported of him, that when King James v. did live at Falkland, this gentleman did wait upon the king there, at a certain time, with thirty of his sons, all begotten of his own body, who rode on horses with him. The king was well pleased to see such handsome and comely men, and said he would take care to employ them in his service; but it was observed, that in a very few years thereafter, they died all of them.—*Sibbald.*

#### FOLLOWERS.

Tradition tells of an old minister in our own country, not of the brightest parts it may be supposed, who, in discoursing from some text in which the word "follow" occurred, informed his

audience that he would speak of four different kinds of followers.

"First," said he, "my friends, there are followers ahint; secondly, there are followers afore; thirdly, there are followers cheekie for chow, and sidie by sidie; and last o' a', there are followers that stand stane-still."—*Jamieson.*

#### A STRANGE TENURE.

Sir Henry Munro of Foulis holds a forest from the Crown by a very whimsical tenure—that of delivering a snowball on any day of the year that it is demanded; and he seems to be in no danger of forfeiting his right by failure of the quit-rent, for snow lies in form of a glacier in the chasms of Ben Wyvis, a neighbouring mountain, throughout the year.—*Pennant.*

#### A HINT TO CANDIDATES.

I must say that I prefer our own quiet, canny Scotch way at Irvine. Well do I remember, for it happened in the year that I was licensed, that the town council, the Lord Eglinton that was shot being then Provost, took in the late Thomas Bowet to be a councillor, and Thomas not being versed in election matters, yet minding to please his Lordship, for, like the rest of the council, he had always a proper veneration for those in power; he, as I was saying, consulted Joseph Boyd the weaver, who was then Dean of Guild, as to the way of voting; whereupon Joseph, who was a discreet man, said to him, "Ye'll just say as I say, and I'll say what Baillie Shaw says, for he will do what my lord bids him," which was as peaceful a way of sending up a member to parliament as could well be devised.—*Galt.*

## THE SHEPHERD ON SMALL WAISTS.

*Shepherd.*—I alloo that lassies should aye be something sonsie.

*North.*—So with waists. Women are not wasps.

*Shepherd.*—I'm no just quite sae sure about that, sir; but I agree wi' you in dislikin' the wasp-waist. You wunner what they do wi' their vittals. They canna be healthy—and you'll generally observe, that sic-like hae gey yellow faces, as if something were wrang wi' their stamach. There should be moderation in a' things. A waist's for puttin' your arm round, and no for spannin' wi' your hauns, except it be some fairy o' a creatur that's no made to be married, but just to wunner at, and aiblins admire, as you wud a bonny she-dwarf at a show. There should aye be some tear and wear about a lassie that's meant for domestic life.—*Noctes Ambrosianæ.*

## A FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

Old John Cameron was leader of a small quadrille band in Edinburgh, the performances of which were certainly not the very finest. Being disappointed on one occasion of an engagement at a particular ball, he described his more fortunate but equally able brethren in the following terms:—"There's Geordie Menstrie, he plays rough, like a man sharpening knives wi' yellow sand. Then there's Jamie Corri, his playin's like the chappin o' mince-collops—sic short bows he taks. And then there's Donald Munro, his bass is like wind i' the lum, or a toom cart gaun down Blackfriars' Wynd!"

## GETTING THE BEVERAGE.

When a young girl gets any piece of new dress, she sliely shows it to her Jo, who gives her a kiss, which is taking

the beverage of the article in question. And when he gets anything, they kiss again, which is giving the beverage. The bridegroom takes the beverage of his bride by kissing her the instant the marriage ceremony is over; but if any other person be so nimble as to have a kiss before him, that person gets the beverage.—*Maclaggart.*

## THE TAPFIT HEN.

"Weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,  
And lough to see a Tappit Hen."

The Tappit Hen contained three quarts of claret.

"I have seen one of these formidable stoups at Provost Haswell's, at Jedburgh, in the days of yore. It was a pewter measure, the claret being in ancient days served from the tap, and had the figure of a hen upon the lid. In later times, the name was given to a glass bottle of the same dimensions. These are rare apparitions among the degenerate toppers of modern days."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

## A PAIR OF BULLS.

Two operatives in one of the Border towns were heard disputing about a new cemetery, beside the elegant railing of which they were standing.

One of them, evidently disliking the continental fashion in which it was being laid out, said in disgust, "I'd rather dee than be buried in sic a place!"

"Weel, it's the verra reverse wi' me," said the other, "for I'll be buried naewhere else, if I'm spared."

## CHECKING THE TAILOR.

I shall give you a notable instance of precaution used by some of the people against the tailor's purloining.

This is to buy everything that goes to the making of a suit of clothes, even to the stay-tape and thread; and when they are to be delivered out, they are, all together, weighed before the tailor's face. And when he brings home the suit, it is again put into the scale, with the shreds of every sort, and it is expected the whole shall answer the original weight.—*Burt.*

#### THE SINCLAIRS AND FLODDEN.

No gentleman of the name of Sinclair, either in Conisbay or throughout Caithness, will put on green apparel or think of crossing the Ord upon a Monday. They were dressed in green, and they crossed the Ord upon a Monday, on their way to the battle of Flodden, where they fought and fell in the service of their country, almost without leaving a representative of the name behind them. The day and the dress are accordingly regarded as inauspicious.—*Stat. Account.*

#### "ANOTHER FOR HECTOR."

In the battle of Inverkeithing, between the Royalists and Oliver Cromwell, five hundred of the followers of the Laird of Maclean were left dead on the field. In the heat of the conflict, seven brothers of the clan sacrificed their lives in defence of their leader, Sir Hector Maclean. Being hard pressed by the enemy, he was supported and covered from their attacks by these intrepid men; and as one brother fell, another came up in succession to cover him, crying "Another for Hector!" This phrase has continued ever since as a proverb or watch-word when a man encounters any sudden danger that requires instant succour.—*Stewart.*

#### GRAVE WIT.

Sir Patrick Hume, King's High Commissioner to Parliament in Scotland, died in the 84th year of his age, 1714. Being observed to smile when on his death-bed, he was asked by Lord Binning what he was laughing at. He answered, "I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with when they bore through my thick coffin, expecting to find a good meal, and get nothing but the bones!"

#### CHARLES II. STATUE.

In 1685, the town council of Edinburgh having got executed a superior equestrian statue of Charles II., had it erected in Parliament Square only a short time before his death. It would probably have bothered the brains of these learned burghers, or city wise-acres, to have been called on to state for what good deeds they awarded this honour.—*Anderson.*

#### PROVOST AND POLICEMAN.

On Saturday last (May 1835), the then Lord Provost of Glasgow was seen, near the Royal Exchange, talking to a man, who, from his outward appearance, seemed to be a chimney-sweeper. The Provost and the sweep appeared to be deeply engaged on some interesting subject, and were seen describing with the point of an old nail the inclinations and curvatures of certain "vents" or flues which might be swept by means of the newly invented machine which was to supersede the "climbing boys," as the unlucky urchins who had to ascend the chimneys were called. A crowd very soon collected round the Provost and the sweep, wondering, no doubt, what the one had to do with the other. But so intent

was his Lordship on the subject under discussion, that he seemed to be quite unconscious of any person being present save the man with whom he was talking, until a policeman came forward, and in the true Celtic twang rudely ordered his Lordship to "dismiss."

"What!" said the Provost, surprised, "do you know to whom you speak?"

"No, she'll did not," answered Donald, "neither did she'll care. Her orders was not to let peoples stand upon ta plainstane causey, causing a crowd, and if she wadna gang awa, she wad put ta offish upon her."

"Do you know that you are talking to the Lord Provost?" said a gentleman present; "you ought to be more respectful to his Lordship."

"Let her pe ta Lord Provish," retorted the doughty preserver of the peace, "or ta Lord Justice Peace Court hersel, she did not care one pinch o' snish! but if she will not dismiss, her order will pe tat ta put ta offish upon her shust in a minute."

It is needless to say that the Provost good-naturedly yielded to a law of his own sanctioning, and walked off, glad, no doubt, to find that the police establishment was filled with such unpromising and faithful servants.

#### THE PROBATIONER.

Finding myself rather in a dwining state on the Friday, with the advice of Mrs Balwhidder, who was counted very skilly in sic matters, and wi' the consent o' the session, I determined to hire a probationer for the Sunday, sae I sent in word to Baillie Watt, the wabster in Paisley, to make sure of one for that day. Next day's carrier brought word that he had gotten the only one that was not engaged; he wasna very first-rate, he said, but I didna think much about that, as I wasna a very great hand at

the preaching mysel'; but ye'll hear hoo it turnt out.

The young birky cam according to appointment; he was rather little, and had a happy leg; however, that wasna noticed when he got into the poopit. He made ane or twa blunders in reading the psalms, but this could be forgien in sic a young beginner; but in the prayer he gaed far by the straight, for in praying for twa lads to be hanged at Ayr, he worded it in this manner: "We pray for the two unfortunate men under sentence of death, the king and the minister of this parish," to the no little amazement of the congregation. A bit farther on he prayed, "Lord, darken our lightened imaginations." I was so angry at the chap that I maist wished him to be taen at his word, in so far as regardit himsel'; but this wasna it a', for when the bit body cam into the vestry, he said to me, fishing for a compliment, aiblins, "Ye wad notice I was a wee hoarse the day." "Wee horse!" says I, hardly able to keep my temper; "na, na, my man, I didna think ye was a wee horse, but I thoct ye was a big ass!" The chiel was perfectly dumb-founded, and Matthew Steenson, the elder, remarkit, that it was the cleverest observe of mine he had heard for mony a day; but frae that day to this I hae never meddlet wi' a probationer again.  
—*Hutchison.*

#### AN ACT FOR THE LADIES.

The following item is extracted from an Act of the Scottish Parliament, passed in the reign of Queen Margaret, about the year 1288:—

"It is stated and ordainit that during the reime of hir maist blissit Magestie, ilk maiden ladye of baith highe and lowe estait shall hae libertie to bespeak ye man she likes; albeit, gif he refuses to tak hir till be his wyf, he sall be mulctit in ye sume of ane hundredth



pundis or less, as his estait mai be, except and always gif he can mak it appear that he is betrothit to ane ither woman, then he shall be free."

#### A BLUEGOWN WEDDING.

On the 23d of October 1749, the noted Bluegown, —— Hamilton, a bachelor, aged about 80, was married in the Canongate, Edinburgh, to Jean Lindsay, aged about 20, a bluegown's daughter. This man is one of the most deformed creatures, perhaps, in the world, and is well known all over Britain, having for a long time been carried about on an ass as an object of charity. He is so bowed together that his breast lies between his ancles; his knees on each side are higher than his back; and almost every member of his body is distorted.—*Scots Magazine*.

#### JEALOUSY BETWEEN EDINBURGH AND LEITH.

In 1485, it was ordained, that no merchant of Edinburgh presume to take into partnership an inhabitant of Leith, under a penalty of forty shillings to the church, and of being deprived of his freedom of the city for a year. And, as if this were not considered sufficient, it was at the same time enacted, that none of the revenues of Edinburgh should be let to an inhabitant of Leith, nor should any of the Edinburgh farmers take an inhabitant of Leith as a partner, or even employ him as a servant relative to that business.—*Kincaid*.

#### SCOTTISH BY-NAMES.

"And what's his name, pray?"

"Gabriel."

"But Gabriel what?"

"Oh, Lord kens that; we dinna mind folk's after-names muckle here, they run sae muckle into clans."

"Ye see, sir," said an old shepherd, rising, and speaking very slow, "the folks hereabout are a' Armstrongs and Elliots and sic-like—twa or three given names—and so, for distinction's sake, the lairds and farmers have the names of their places that they live at—as for example, Tam o' Todshaw, Will o' the Flat, Hobbie o' Sorbietrees, and our good master here, o' the Charlieshope.—Aweel, sir, and then the inferior sort o' people, ye'll observe, are kend by sorts o' by-names, some o' them, as Glaiket Christie, and the Deuke's Davie, or maybe, like this lad Gabriel, by his employment; as, for example, Tod Gabbie, or Hunter Gabbie. He's no been lang here, sir, and I dinna think anybody kens him by ony ither name."—*Guy Mannering*.

#### JANET ALLAN, Æ 105.

1788, January 1.—Died at Kilmarnock, in her 105th year, Janet Allan, being born on that day John Nisbet suffered death at the cross of Kilmarnock, in the reign of Charles II. About four years ago her sight returned in a great measure, after it was long dimmed by reason of age. She went to kirk and market within a few days of her death, and retained her senses to the last.—*Scots Magazine*.

#### THE FAMINE, 1694-1700.

Meal was so scarce that many could not get it. It was not then with many, Where will we get silver? but, Where will we get meal for silver? I have seen when meal was all sold in markets, women clapping their hands, and tearing the clothes off their heads, crying, How shall we go home and see our

children die in hunger? they have got no meat these two days, and we have nothing to give them.

Through the long continuance of these manifold judgments, deaths and burials were so many and common, that the living were wearied in the burying of the dead. I have seen corpses drawn in sleds; many neither got coffin nor winding-sheet. I was one of four who carried the corpse of a young woman a mile of way; and when we came to the grave an honest man came and said: You must go and help me to bury my son, he is lain these two days, otherwise I will be obliged to bury him in my own yard. We went, and there were eight of us had two miles to carry the corpse of that young man, many neighbours looking on us, but none to help us. I was credibly informed, that in the north, two sisters on a Monday morning were found carrying the corpse of their brother on a barrow with bearing ropes, resting themselves many times, and none offering to help them. . . . Many had cleanness of teeth in our cities, and want of bread in our borders; and to some the staff of life was so utterly broken—which makes complete famine—that they did eat, and were neither satisfied nor nourished; and some of them said to me, that they could mind nothing but meat, and were nothing bettered by it; and that they were utterly unconcerned about their souls, whether they went to heaven or hell. The nearer and sorer these plagues seized, the sadder were their effects, that took away all natural and relative affection, so that husbands had no sympathy with their wives, nor wives with their husbands, parents with their children, nor children with their parents. These and other things have made me to doubt if ever any of Adam's race were in a more deplorable condition, their bodies and spirits more low, than many were in these years.—*Daniel Cargill.*

#### CLEANING THE KIRN.

"But do you not clean the churn before you put in the cream?"

"Na, na," returned Mrs MacClarty, "that wad no' be canny, ye ken. Naeboddy hereabouts would clean their kirn for ony consideration. I never heard o' sic a thing i' my life. . . . I ne'er kend gude come o' new gaits a' my days. There was Tibby Bell at the head o' the glen, she fell to cleaning her kirn ae day, and the very first kirning after, her butter was burstet, and gude for naething. Twa or three hairs are better than the blink o' an ill ee."—*Cottagers of Glenburnie.*

#### RED COCK-CRAWING.

"Red Cock-crawing" was a term formerly used in Scotland to designate fire-raising.

"Weel, there's Ane abune a'—but we'll see if the red cock craw not in his bonnie barn-yard ae morning before day dawning."

"What does she mean?" said Mannering to Sampson in an undertone.

"Fire-raising," answered the laconic dominie.—*Guy Mannering.*

#### THE LEAD BRASH.

Fowls of any kind will not live many days at Leadhills. They pick up arsenical particles with their food, which soon kills them. Horses, cows, dogs, cats, are liable to the lead brash. A cat, when seized with that distemper, springs like lightning through every corner of the house, falls into convulsions, and dies. A dog falls into strong convulsions also, but occasionally recovers. A cow grows perfectly mad in an instant, and must be immediately killed. Fortunately this distemper does not affect the human species.—*Stat. Acc.*

## LAMMER-WINE.

This imaginary liquor (Amber wine) was esteemed a sort of elixir of immortality, and its virtues are celebrated in the following infallible recipe :—

“ Drink ae coup o’ the lammer-wine,  
An’ the tear is nae mair in your e’e ;  
An’ drink twae coups o’ the lammer-wine,

Nae dule nor pine ye’ll dree.

An’ drink three coups o’ the lammer-wine,

Your mortal life’s awa’.

An’ drink four coups o’ the lammer-wine,

Ye’ll turn a fairy sma’.

An’ drink five coups o’ the lammer-wine,  
O’ joys ye’ve rowth an’ wale.

An’ drink sax coups o’ the lammer-wine,  
Ye’ll ring ower hill and dale.

An’ drink seven coups o’ the lammer-wine,

Ye may dance on the milky way.

An’ drink aught coups o’ the lammer-wine,

Ye may ride on the fire-flaught blae.

An’ drink nine coups o’ the lammer-wine,

Vour end-day ye’ll never see ;

An’ the night is gane, an’ the day has come

Will never set to thee.”

*Mermaid of Clyde.*

## LIP AND LEGGIN.

To Lip and Leggin, is a phrase used in Fifeshire relating to drink in a cup or vessel. The person to whom the drink is offered holds the vessel obliquely, so as to try whether the liquid it contains will at the same time touch the “leggin,” or angle at the bottom, and reach the “lip” or rim. If it does not, he refuses to receive it, saying, “There’s no a drink there ; it’ll no lip and leggin.”

—*Mactaggart.*

## MEG DODS AND HER LODGER.

“ I maun hae the best of the cart, Nelly—if you and me can gree—for it is for ane of the best of painters. Your fine folk down yonder would gie their lugs to look at what he has been doing—he gets gowd in goupins, for three downright skarts and three cross anes—and he is no an ungrateful loon, like Dick Tinto, that had nae sooner my good five-and-twenty shillings in his pocket, than he gaed to birl it awa at their bonny hotel yonder, but a decent quiet lad, that kens when he is weel aff, and bides still at the auld howff—And what for no?—Tell them all this, and hear what they will say till’t.”

“ Indeed, mistress, I can tell ye that already, without stirring my shanks for the matter,” answered Nelly Trotter ; “ they will e’en say that ye are an auld fule, and me anither, that may hae some judgment in cock-bree or in scate-rumples, but maunna fash our beards about anything else.”

“ Wad they say sae, the frontless villains? and me been a housekeeper this thirty year !” exclaimed Meg ; “ I wadna hae them sae it to my face ! But I am no speaking without warrant—for what an I had spoken to the minister, lass, and shown him ane of the loose scarts of paper that Maister Tirl leaves fleeing about his room? and what an he had said he had kend Lord Bidmore gie five guineas for the waur on’t? and a’ the world kens he was lang tutor in the Bidmore family.”

“ Troth,” answered her gossip. “ I doubt if I was to tell a’ this they would hardly believe me, mistress ; for there are sae mony judges amang them, and they think sae muckle of themselves, and sae little of other folk, that unless ye were to send down the bit picture, I am no thinking they will believe a word that I can tell them.”

“ No believe what an honest woman says, let abee to say twa o’ them !” ex-

claimed Meg; "Oh the unbelieving generation!—Weel, Nelly, since my back is up, ye sall tak down the picture, or sketching, or whatever it is (though I thought sketchers were aye made of airn), and shame them wi' it, the conceited crew that they are. But see and bring't back wi' ye again, Nelly, for it's a thing of value; and trustna it out o' your hand, *that* I charge you, for I lippen no muckle to their honesty. And, Nelly, ye may tell them he has an illustrated poem—*illustrated*—mind the word, Nelly, that is to be stuck as fou o' the like o' that, as ever turkey was larded wi' dabs o' bacon."

Thus furnished with her credentials, and acting the part of a herald betwixt two hostile countries, honest Nelly switched her little fish-cart downwards to St Ronan's Well.—*St Ronan's Well*.

#### THE MILL-REEK.

The miners and smelters of Leadhills and Wanlockhead are subject, as in other places, to the lead distemper, or mill-reek, as it is called. It brings on palsies, and sometimes madness, terminating in death in about ten days.—*Peunant*.

#### ORDEAL OF FIRE AND WATER.

This ancient method of purgation was by trial two ways, one by water, the other by fire. The former was either in hot or cold water. If in cold, the parties were adjudged innocent, if their bodies, contrary to the course of nature, did float on the water: if in hot water, the arms and legs of the person accused were put bare into boiling water, and, if brought forth unhurt, were held innocent of the crime he or she were charged with. Those who were tried by fire ordeal walked barefooted and blindfolded over nine glowing plough-

shares; or were to carry in their hands burning irons usually of a pound weight, which was called Simple ordeal; those of two pounds, Double ordeal, and they of three pounds, Triple ordeal; and if they remained unhurt by the said irons were acquitted, and on the contrary condemned. The Fire ordeal was for the trial of Freemen and persons of distinction; and that by Water for Bondmen and rustics. But those wicked and deceitful customs are long since abolished, to the ease and happiness of the people.—*Maitland*.

#### LACONIC EPITAPH.

The following epitaph was copied from a stone in the church-wall of Dowallie, Perthshire. It is without date, but evidently of great age:—

Here lys  
James Stewart  
He sall rys.

#### A SINGULAR PROCESSION.

Edinburgh, Anno 1736, July 10.—“Yesterday nine wenches of the town made an ‘amende honourable’ through the several streets of the city, the hangman attending them, and drums beating to the tune of ‘Cuckolds-come-dig.’ Seven of them were afterwards sent to the House of Correction. They were very naked and meagre beings, and fools into the bargain, for driving a trade which afforded neither food nor raiment.”—*Caledonian Mercury*.

#### THE WRAITH OF MONTROSE.

After the battle of Killiecrankie, where fell the last hope of James in the Viscount of Dundee, the ghost of that hero is said to have appeared about day-

break to his confidential friend, Lord Balcarres, then confined in Edinburgh Castle. The spectre, drawing aside the curtain of the bed, looked very steadfastly upon the Earl, after which it moved towards the mantelpiece, remained there for some time in a leaning posture, and then walked out of the chamber without uttering one word. Lord Balcarres, in great surprise, though not suspecting that which he saw to be an apparition, called out repeatedly to his friend to stop, but received no answer, and subsequently learned that at the very moment this shadow stood before him, Dundee had breathed his last near the field of Killiecrankie.—*C. K. Sharpe.*

#### A PATRIARCH.

On a gravestone in the churchyard of Fyvie, Aberdeenshire, is the following inscription:—"Erected to the memory of Alexander Gray, some time farmer in Mill of Burns, who died in the 96th year of his age, having had thirty-two legitimate children by two wives."

#### JOHNNIE CARNEGIE'S EPITAPH.

Johnnie Carnegie lais heer,  
Descendit of Adam and Eve.  
Gif ony can gang hieher,  
Ise willing gie him leve.

#### HEALTHS IN SHETLAND.

It was usual about ninety years ago, when a party was assembled at Johnsmass—a festival held at the time of the ling fishery—for the principal person of the feast to address his comrades after the following manner:—

"Men and brethren, lat wis raise a helt. Here's first ta da Glory o' God an da guid o' wir ain puir sauls, wir

wordy landmaister, an wir lovin meat-mither, helt ta man, death ta fish, and guid growth i' da grund."

About Lammas, when from the length of the nights, and the rapidity of the tides, lives were often lost, the convivial sentiment was, "Helt ta man, death ta fish, and detriment ta no man."

But when the natives were about to quit the ling-fishery, and to return home to the harvest, the toast remembered in the cottager's cups was, "God open the mouth of the gray-fish, and haud His hand about da corn."—*Hibbert.*

#### PETER PEBBLES' PREJUDICE.

"Ow, he is just a wud harum-scarum creature, that wad never take to his studies; daft, sir, clean daft."

"Deft!" said the Justice; "what d'ye mean by deft—eh?"

"Just Fish," replied Peter; "wowf—a wee bit by the East-Nook or sae; it's a common case—the ae half of the world thinks the tither daft. I have met with folk in my day that thought I was daft mysell; and, for my part, I think our Court of Session clean daft, that have had the great cause of Peebles against Plainstones before them for this score of years, and have never been able to ding the bottom out of it yet."—*Redgauntlet.*

#### CULTOQUEY'S LITANY.

There was an ancient gentleman, Maxton of Cultoquey, in Perthshire, who lived in the midst of Campbells, and whose family, as might be expected, had experienced some difficulty in preserving its possessions entire. He had some other neighbours of the names Drummond, Graham, and Murray, whose qualities, if less dangerous, were not more agreeable. The whole he anathematised in an addition to the

Litany, which he used to repeat every morning, on performing his toilette at a well near his house—

From the greed of the Campbells,  
From the ire of the Drummonds,  
From the pride of the Grahams,  
From the wind of the Murrays,  
Good Lord, deliver us!

None of the individuals concerned took the satire in ill part except the Murrays, whose characteristic is the most opprobrious,—*wind*, in Scottish phraseology, signifying a propensity to vain and foolish bravado. It is said that the Duke of Atholl, hearing of Cultoquay's Litany, invited the old humourist to dinner, and desired to hear from his own mouth the lines which had made so much noise over the country. Cultoquay repeated them, without the least hesitation or bungling; when his grace said, half in good, half in bad humour, "Take care, Cultie, for the future to omit my name in your morning devotions, else I shall certainly crop your ears for your boldness."

"That's wind, my lord duke!" quoth Cultoquay, with the greatest coolness, at the same time taking off his glass.

On another occasion, a gentleman of his grace's name having called upon Mr Maxton, and used some angry expostulations on the manner in which his clan was characterised, Cultoquay made no answer, other than bidding his servant open the door, and let out the wind of the Murrays!—*R. Chambers.*

#### A MISUNDERSTANDING MISUNDERSTOOD.

A countryman, going into the Court of Session, took notice of two advocates at the bar, who, being engaged on opposite sides of the case in hand, wrangled with and contradicted each other severely, each frequently, how-

ever, styling his opponent "brother." The countryman observed to a bystander that there did not seem to be much brotherly love between them.

"Oh," said he, "they're only brothers-in-law."

"I suppose they'll be married on twa sisters, then," replied he; "and I think it's just the auld story ower again—freens gree best separate."

#### THE INCHCAPE BELL.

By east the Isle of May, twelve miles from all land, in the Germaine Seas, lyes a great hidden rocke, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported in old times, upon the said rocke there was a bell fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylors of the danger. This bell or clock was put there, and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rocke with ship and goods, in the righteous judgment of God.—*Monipennie.*

#### A BRIDE'S "PROVIDING."

We have the authority of an experienced matron for the following as a complete inventory of a bride's plenishing, according to old Scottish notions, and which, especially in the country, is often still regarded as indispensable:—

I. A chest of drawers, "split new," and ordered for the occasion.

II. Bed and table linen, or *naiprie* as it is styled, with a supply of blankets.

III. A "set" of silver tea spoons, and, in some districts,

IV. An eight-day clock.

But the *sine qua non* of all was

V. A LADLE! —*Wilson.*

## THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

When Edmund Kean paid his last visit to Ayr, his performance of Othello happened to be the subject of conversation in a shop. A butcher who was present asked very gravely whether Mr Kean spoke all he said out of his own head, or if he learned it from a book? Being told how the thing was, he objected against paying to hear a man repeat what every person who could read might do as well for himself. This objection was met by some one observing that the actor "did not only recite the play, but he delineated the various passions which belonged to the character."

"Passions!" exclaimed the butcher with a sneer of contempt, "gang to the fishmarket if ye want to see folk in a passion! That's the place for passions!"

ANDREW FAIRSERVICE SPEAKS  
FOR HIMSELF.

"It disna become me to speak to the point of my qualifications," said Andrew, looking around him with great complacency; "but nae doubt I should understand my trade of horticulture, seeing I was bred in the parish of Dreepdaily, where they raise lang-kale under glass, and force the early nettles for their spring kale. And, to speak truth, I hae been flitting every term these four-and-twenty years; but when the time comes there's aye something to saw that I would like to see sawn—or something to maw that I would like to see mawn—or something to ripe that I would like to see ripen—and sae I e'en daiker on wi' the family frae year's end to year's end. And I wad say for certain, that I am gaun to quit at Candlemas, only I was just as positive on it twenty years syne, and I find mysell

still turning up the moults here, for a' that. Forbye that, to tell your honour the evendown truth, there's nae better place ever offered to Andrew. But if your honour wad wash me to ony place where I could hear pure doctrine, and hae a free cow's grass, and a cot, and a yard, and mair than ten puns of annual fee, and where there's nae leddy about the town to count the apples, I'se hold mysell muckle indebted t'ye."

"Bravo, Andrew! I perceive you'll lose no preferment for want of asking patronage."

"I canna see what for I should," replied Andrew; "it's no a generation to wait till ane's worth's discovered, I trow."—*Rob Roy.*

## A CAUTIOUS COMPLIMENT.

In ancient times the tenants of Lord Breadalbane having applied to him for a reduction of rent, had occasion to dine together, before their landlord and chief had sent his reply. When they proposed his health, therefore, they gave it in these cautious words,—  
"Breadalbane—till we see."

## ERRING ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

A certain minister was frequently accused of preaching the same sermon twice over, though at a considerable interval of time between them. One day, however, he had the misfortune, from a slip of memory, to deliver one which he had preached only a week or two previously. After the dismissal of the congregation, the minister's man remarked to him,

"I hae often heard ye blamed, sir, for gi'en us auld sermons; but they'll surely no sae that o' the ane ye gied them the day, for it's just a fortnicht sin' they heard it afore in the same place."

## THE FACES OF WITCHES AND WIZARDS.

"Looking like a witch" is a proverb that has been always descriptive of the most exquisite ugliness; and whoever has seen the frontispiece of a Highland witch will be satisfied with its force and propriety. The face is so wrinkled, that it commonly resembles the channels of dried waters, and the colour of it resembles nothing so much as a piece rough tanned leather. The eyes are small and piercing, sunk into the forehead, like the expiring remains of a candle in a socket. The nose is large, prominent, and sharp, forming a bridge to the contacting chin. These are represented as the amiable features of a witch. The wizard's appearance differs very little from that of his amiable sister the witch, only that his face is covered over with a preternatural redundancy of hair, and that he wears beneath his chin a bunch of hair in the manner of a goat.—*W. G. Stewart.*

## KIDNAPPING A JUDGE.

Of Lord Durie the following remarkable circumstance, highly illustrative of the unsettled state of the country about 1640, is recorded. The Earl of Traquair, lord high treasurer, having a lawsuit, of great importance to his family, depending before the court of session, and believing that the opinion of Lord Durie, then lord president, was adverse to his interests, employed Willie Armstrong, called Christie's Will, a noted and daring mossrooper, to convey his lordship out of the way until the cause should be decided. Accordingly, one day when the judge was taking his usual airing on horseback on Leith sands, without any attendant, he was accosted by Armstrong near the then unfrequented and furzy common called the Figgate Whins, forcibly dragged from his saddle, blindfolded, and muffled in a large cloak; in

which condition he was carried to an old castle in Annandale, named the Tower of Graham. He remained closely immured in the vault of the castle for three months, debarred from all intercourse with human kind, and receiving his food through an aperture in the wall. His friends, supposing that he had been thrown from his horse into the sea, and been drowned, had gone into mourning for him, but upon the lawsuit terminating in favour of Lord Traquair, he was brought back in the same mysterious manner, and set down on the very spot whence he had been so expertly kidnapped.—*Scottish Nation.*

## HOW TO MEET A DIFFICULTY.

An old Nithsdale farmer possessed a fair portion of that satiric humour which belongs to the song of *Tibbie Fowler*. Having two daughters "mair black than bonnie," he would hint at their uncomeliness—

"My lasses wad hae mensed me had I lived among the black but comely daughters o' Jerusalem," he would say; "but I'll do wi' them as the gademan o' Roanshaw did wi' his covies. He put siller graithing on them, and hung bobbins o' gowd at their manes, and shawed them at the market, sayin', 'Some will gie a bode for ye, for the sonks and bridle.'"

## A CONSOLATION.

"Eh, sir," said a minister's man, one Sabbath morning to the clergyman, while assisting him on with his gown, "do ye see what a lot o' folk are leaving the kirk the day, and gaun ower the hill to the meeting house?"

"Very true John," replied the minister, jocosely; "but, John, ye dinna see ony o' the stipend gaun ower after them!"



## A GRAVE COURTSHIP.

A certain Scotch beadle fell in love with the manse housemaid, but was at a loss for an opportunity to declare himself. One Sunday, however, when his duties were ended, he mustered courage to say—

“Wad ye tak a turn, Mary?”

He led her to the churchyard, and, pointing with his finger, got out, “My fowk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?” The grave hint was taken, and she afterwards became his wife.—*Dr Rogers.*

## TAIT FOR EVER!

Otho Herman Wemyss was the son of Mr William Wemyss, a respectable writer to the Signet; and although a lawyer of no inconsiderable talent, met with little success at the Bar. He was a staunch Whig, and in old age obtained the appointment of Sheriff-substitute of Selkirk, which office, shortly before his death in 1835, he relinquished. While holding this appointment, he paid a visit to Edinburgh, during the excitement occasioned by the outcry against the annuity-tax, and upon this occasion got his liberal notions somewhat shaken. It is well known that Mr William Tait, bookseller, who had obtained great popularity as a leading member of the radical party, was, upon his refusal to pay the obnoxious tax, sent to the Calton Jail, and his progress there partook more of a triumphal procession than an incarceration for non-payment of taxes. Poor Otho was sauntering along Waterloo Place, and had got almost opposite to the Calton Jail, when he was surrounded by the mob assembled on this memorable occasion. A cheer was given for Mr Tait, and one of the illustrious unwashed insisted that the Sheriff should doff his beaver, and join in the acclamation: Otho,

who thought the better part of valour was discretion, did as he was bid, and shouted loudly, “Tait for ever!” The stranger, delighted with the enthusiasm displayed, swore eternal friendship, and as embracing amongst men is not relished in this country, insisted on shaking hands with so worthy a citizen. This boon was conceded, and the ancient patriot’s fingers received so fervent a pressure, that they tingled for some time afterwards. The mysterious anti-annuitant then beat a retreat, and when the judge had recovered from the thrilling emotions produced by the affectionate squeeze, he discovered that his new friend had removed from one of his digits a valuable seal ring. This he indubitably had taken away from no sordid motive; but as a memorial of the veneration in which he held his proselyte, and as a pledge of fraternization. Otho, who told the story, was by no means reconciled to this popular manner of testifying respect.—*Court of Session Garland.*

## A POET CRITICISED.

Thomson the poet had an uncle, a clever, active mechanic, who could do many things with his hands, and contemplated James’s indolent, dreamy, “feckless” character with impatient displeasure.

When the first of *The Seasons*—“Winter”—had been completed at press, Jamie thought, by a presentation copy, to triumph over his uncle’s scepticism; and to propitiate his good opinion he had the book handsomely bound. The old man never looked inside, or asked what the book was about, but, turning it round and round with his fingers in gratified admiration, exclaimed—

“Come, is that really our Jamie’s doin’ now?—well, I never thought the cratur wad hae had the handicraft to dae the like!”

## A MISLEADING TITLE.

There is a sober-looking volume, generally bound in sheep, called "M'Ewen on the Types,"—a theological book, in fact, treating of the types of Christianity in the old law. Concerning it, a friend once told me that, at an auction, he had seen it vehemently competed for by an acute-looking citizen artizan and a burly farmer from the hills. The latter, the successful bidder, tossed the lot to the other, saying he might "hae't and be d—d to it—he thocht it was a buik upo' the tups," a word which, it may be necessary to inform the unlearned reader, means rams; but the other competitor also declined the lot: he was a compositor, or journeyman printer, and expected to find it honestly devoted to those tools of his trade of which it professed to deal.—*J. Hill Burton.*

## MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

There was pointed out to the author lately a person in the eastern part of Scotland, who had fallen into a certain degree of discredit only a few years ago, from declining to undergo a ceremony not uncommon in earlier times. On the morning after marriage, the youth of both sexes, or perhaps females, were the principal participators, assembled along with the new married pair. A basket was transmitted among them, and gradually filled with stones, until reaching the bridegroom, when it was suspended from his neck. Then receiving some additional load, his affectionate helpmate, to testify her sense of the caresses he had lavished on her, cut the cord and relieved him of this oppressive burden.—*Dalyell.*

## SAVING TIME.

An aged Forfarshire lady, knowing the habits of her old and spoilt servant,

when she wished a note to be taken without loss of time, held it open, and read it over to him, saying, "There noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but jest send it off."

## MODERN-ANCIENTS.

The absurdity of detracting from the merits of moderns because their genius approximates to that of the ancients, has perhaps never been better ridiculed than in the following repartee of Burns.

He was quoting a brilliant sentiment in an old Scottish song, with his accustomed warmth, to a pedantic schoolmaster, who coolly observed—

"That it was very good—but the idea was in Horace."

"That may be," replied Burns, "but Horace stole it from the Scotchman."

## A GALLOWAY POUND OF BUTTER.

A person came to an honest *gude wife*, and wanted a *pun* o' butter, but, as bad luck would have it, the *punstone* was lost, so she did not know how in all the world she should serve her customer; the *ouncl-weights* were rummaged over and over, and none less than the *meal-stane quarter* could be found, and with this she saw it was impossible to weigh a pound. While pondering the matter, as a *gude wife* ponders, the *tangs* struck her fancy. "O!" quoth she, "I ken how we'll manage now; the *gudeman* brought hame a pair o' new *tangs* the other night, which weighed in the *smiddy* just *twa pun*; sae stand by and I'll soon weigh ye wi' them your butter." She then opened the legs of the *tongs*, put one leg in the scale against the butter, and let the other hang out. The beam got its fair swing, and so weighed a *douce Galloway pound of butter*.—*Mactaggart.*

## A KILMAURS WHITTLE.

A man of acute understanding and quickness of action is said to be as sharp as a Kilmaurs Whittle. An old Presbyterian clergyman, in addressing himself to his audience, upon rising to speak after a young divine, who had delivered a discourse in flowery language and English pronunciation, said—

“My friends, we have had a great deal of fine English ware among us the day, but aiblins my Kilmaurs whittle will cut as sharp as ony English blade;” meaning that the language of his own country would be better understood, and do more good.—*Stat. Account.*

## DEOCH AN DORUIS.

When the landlord of an inn presented his guests with *deoch an doruis*, that is, the drink at the door, or the stirrup-cup, the draught was not charged in the reckoning. On this point a learned bailie of the town of Forfar pronounced a very sound judgment.

A., an ale-wife in Forfar, had brewed her “peck of malt,” and set the liquor out of doors to cool; the cow of B., a neighbour of A., chanced to come by, and seeing the good beverage, was allured to taste it, and finally to drink it up. When A. came to take in her liquor, she found her tub empty, and from the cow’s staggering and staring, so as to betray her intemperance, she easily divined the mode in which her “browst” had disappeared. To take vengeance on Crummie’s ribs with a stick was her first effort. The roaring of the cow brought B., her master, who remonstrated with his angry neighbour, and received in reply a demand for the value of the ale which Crummie had drunk up. B. refused payment, and

was conveyed before C. the bailie, or sitting magistrate. He heard the case patiently; and then demanded of the plaintiff A., whether the cow had sat down to her potation, or taken it standing? The plaintiff answered, she had not seen the deed committed, but she supposed the cow drank the ale while standing on her feet; adding, that had she been near she would have made her use them to some purpose. The bailie, on this admission, solemnly adjudged the cow’s drink to be *deoch an doruis*—a stirrup-cup, for which no charge could be made, without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland.—*Waverley.*

## SLEEPIN’ OR WAKING?

“Sleepin’, Tonal’d?” said a Highlander to a drowsy acquaintance, who was ruminating on the grass in a horizontal position.

“No, Tuncan,” was the ready answer.

“Then, Tonal’d, would you’ll no lend me ten and twenty shilling?” was the next question.

“Ough, ough!” was the response, with a heavy snore; “I’m sleepin’ noo, Tuncan, my lad.”

## THE WRONG SIDE FOR TRACTS.

Robert Kettle, a temperance missionary in Glasgow, left a few tracts with a young lady one morning. Calling at the same house a few days afterwards, he was rather disconcerted at observing the tracts doing duty as curl-papers on the head of the damsel to whom he had given them.

“Weel, my lassie,” he remarked, “I see you have used the tracts I left wi’ ye; but,” he added, in time to turn confusion into merriment, “ye have putten them on the wrang side o’ your head, my woman!”

## AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

When Leyden read Campbell's "Hohenlinden," he said to Scott—

"Dash it! I hate the fellow, but he has written the best verses I have read for ever so long;" to which Campbell replied—

"I detest Leyden with all my soul, but I know the value of his critical approbation!"

## HIGHLAND VIEW OF HEAVEN.

"I know what sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'!" shouted an earnest and excited Highland minister into the ears of an apathetic congregation, to whom he had delivered, without any apparent effect, a vivid and impressive address on the glory of heaven. "I know what sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'! You'd pe wantin' that all the seas would pe hot water; that all the rivers would pe rivers of whiskies; and that all the hills and the mountains would pe loaves o' shugar! That's the sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'! Moreover," he added, warming to his work, "you'd pe wantin' that all the corn-stooks would pe pipe-staples, and tobaccos, and sneeshin'; that's the sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'!"

A' OO'.

A gentleman, in company with a lady to whom he was about to be married, and who carried a white muff, called upon an old gentlewoman on a winter morning. The latter, observing some of the down off the muff adhering to the sleeve of the gentleman's coat, said—

"Mr, there's some woo' on your coat."

"Nae wonder, ma'am," replied the smiling swain, "for I hae been wooing a' morning."

## BURNS' SCOTTISH DIALECT.

*Letter from Robert Burns to Mr W. Nicol, Master of the High School, Edinburgh.*

"No man had ever more command of the ancient Doric dialect than Burns. He has left a curious testimony of his skill in the following letter—an attempt to read a sentence of which would break the teeth of most modern Scotchmen."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

CARLISLE, June 1, 1787.

## KIND, HONEST-HEARTED WILLIE:

I'm sitten down here, after seven and forty miles ridin', e'en as forjeskit and fornaw'd as a forfoughten cock, to gie you some notion o' my land-lowper-like stravaguin sin the sorrowfu' hour that I sheuk hands and parted wi' Auld Reekie.

My auld ga'd gleyde o' a meere has huchyall'd up hill and down brae, in Scotland and England, as teugh and birnie as a vera devil wi' me. It's true, she's as poor's a sang-maker and as hard's a kirk, and tipper-taipers when she taks the gate, first like a lady's gentlewoman in a minuwae, or a hen on a het girdle; but she's a yauld, poutherie girran for a' that, and has a stomak like Willie Stalker's meere that wad hae disgeested tumbler-wheels, for she'll whip me aff her five stimparts o' the best aits at a down-sitten, and ne'er fash her thumb. When ance her ring-banes and spavies, her crucks and cramps, are fairly soupl'd, she beets to, and aye the hindmost hour the tightest. I could wager her price to a thretty pennies, that for twa or three wooks, ridin' at fifty miles a day, the deil-sticket a five gallopers acqueesh Clyde and Whithorn could cast saut on her tail.

I hae dander'd owre a' the kintra frae Dunbar to Selcraig, and hae foregather'd wi' monya guid fallow, and monya weel-far'd hizzie. I met wi' twa dink quines in particular, ane o' them a sonsie, fine, fodgel lass, baith braw and bonnie; the

tither was a clean-shankit, straught, tight, weelfar'd wench, as blythe's a lintwhite on a flowerie thorn, and as sweet and modest's a new blawn plum-rose in a hazle shaw. They were baith bred to mainers by the beuk, and onie ane o' them had as muckle smeddum and rumblegumption as the half o' some presbyteries that you and I baith ken. They play'd me sic a deevil o' a shavie that I daur say, if my harrigals were turn'd out, ye wad see twa nicks i' the heart o' me like the mark o' a kail-whittle in a castock.

I was gaun to write you a lang pystle, but, gude forgie me, I gat mysel sae noutouricusly beastif'd the day, after kail-time, that I can hardly stoiter but an' ben.

My best respects to the gudewife and a' our common friens, especiall Mr and Mrs Cruikshank, and the honest guid-man o' Jock's Lodge.

I'll be in Dumfries the morn gif the beast be to the fore, and the branks bid hale.

Gude be wi' you, Willie ! Amen !  
R. B.

#### UMBRELLAS IN GLASGOW.

Dr Jamieson first introduced the umbrella into Glasgow in 1782. He procured it in Paris, and it was a ponderous article formed of heavy wax-cloth, stout cane ribs, and a long clumsy wooden handle.

#### A PAWKIE BEGGAR.

A beggar-man, going his rounds in a populous parish in Ayrshire, took the liberty of rapping at the door of the best house in it. It so happened that the only domestic in the house was the cook, who left her own more immediate business to open the door. Seeing that it was only a beggar-man who had dis-

turbed her, she angrily bade him go about his business and find work to do.

"Oh," said the gaberlunzie, "if I maun, I maun ; but afore I gang, I canna help sayin' that I haena seen sae bonny a foot in a coif or a carrich, as your ain ane."

"Ye're no the first that has said that, gudeman," said the mollified lady of the dripping-pan ; "mony hae thocht the same—come ben, pair body, and I will e'en gie ye a chack !"

#### PLOUGHS AND HARROWS.

A clergyman in one of the agricultural districts of Scotland had busied himself in introducing an improved plough, about which he was for some time very "full," as the Scotch say ; and accordingly, wherever he was, he was sure to overflow in reference to the subject. He afterwards employed his busy brain in editing a school edition of Horace, of which, for some time, he was also very "full." Calling one day upon a farmer in the neighbourhood, he said, "Well, John, have you seen my Horace?"

"Na, sir," quoth John, "I haena seen your harrows ; but weel I kent your plow !"

#### AN OLD PROCLAMATION.

In *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1731 we find the following proclamation of a fair which we give *verbatim*:—

"Oyez, and that's ae time ; Oyez, and that's twa times ; Oyez, and that's the third and last time. All manner of person and persons whasoever, let them draw near, and I shall let them ken, that there is a fair to be held at the toun o' Langholm, for the space o' aught days ; wherein if any hustrin, custrin, land-louper, dub-scouper, or gang-the-gate swinger, shall breed ony

hurdu-durdu, rabblement, brabblement, or swabblement, he shall have his lugs nailed to the muckle trone, with a nail of twal-a-penny, until he down on his hob-shanks, and pray to heaven, nine times God bless the King, and thrice the Laird o' Relton, paying a groat to me, Jemmy Ferguson, bailie of the aforesaid manor. So you've heard my proclamation; I'll hame to my dinner."

## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND TOM PURDIE.

Two or three more fish were taken amongst the stones at the tail of the cast, and the sport in the carry-wheel being now ended, the fish were stowed in the hold of the boat, the crew jumped ashore, and a right hearty appeal was made to the whisky bottle. It was first tendered to the veteran, Tom Purdie, to whom it always was observed to have a natural gravitation, but to the astonishment of all, he barely put his lips to the quaigh, and passed it to his nephew.

"Why, uncle, man, what the deil's came owre ye? I never kent ye refuse a drappie afore; no, not sin I was a callant. I canna thole to see you gang that gait."

"Why, I'll tell ye what it is, Charlie. I got a reproof from Sir Walter for being fou the ither night."

"Eh, uncle, how was that?"

"Why," says Sir Walter, "Tom," says he, "I sent for ye on Monday, and ye were not at hame at eight o'clock; I doubt ye were fou, Tom." I'll joust tell ye the hale truth, says I; I gaed round by the men at wark at Rymer's Glen, and came in by Tarfield; then I went to Darnick, had a glass o' whisky wi' Sandy Trummel at Susy's, and I was joust coming awa when Rob steppit in, and cried for half-a-mutchkin. I wasna for takin mair, but the glasses were filled, and I did not like to be beat wi' them, so I took mine. 'And is that

all you had, Tom?' said Sir Walter. Ay, indeed was it, said I; but heaven have a care o' me, I never was the waur of it, till I was ganging up by Jemmy Mercer's by Coat's Green; and when I cam up by Kaeside I wanted to see Maister Laidlaw, but I thoct I durstna gang in; and how I got hame I dinna ken, for I never minded it nae mair; but our wife was in a terrible bad key i' the morning, because I was sair wanted last nicht. 'Well,' said the maister, 'ye mun never do the like again, Tom.' We then gaed to the woods, and thinned the trees; and I laboured with the axe at thae that Sir Walter marked. 'Now, Tom,' says he, 'you will go home with me, for you have been working very hard, and a glass of whisky will do you good;' and he cawed to Nicholson to bring Tom a glass o' Glenlivet. I tuk it down; and, man, if ye'd found it, it beat a' the whisky I ever tasted in my life. 'Well,' Tom," said Sir Walter, 'how do you feel after it? Do you think another glass will do ye any harm?' I said naething, but I thoct I wad like anither, and Nicholson poured out ane, and I tuk it. Then the maister said, 'Tom, do you feel onything the waur o't?' Na, na, said I; but it's terrible powerfu', and three times as strang as ony whisky I ever drank in my life. 'Then, Tom,' says Sir Walter, 'never tell me that three glasses o' Susy's whisky will fill ye fou, when ye have drank twa of mine, which you say is three times as strong, and you feel all the better for it.' Hey, man, I never was so ta'en by the face in a' my life! I didna ken where to luk. The deil fa' me if ever he catch me sae again!"—*Scrope's Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing.*

## QUID PRO QUO.

Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," and a great friend of

Sir Walter Scott's, was a lawyer. He was in the Highlands in 1786 with General Sir William H——, who had gone there to war upon grouse and moor-fowl. After dinner, the conversation turned upon poisons. The various effects of different species were mentioned, and among others those of *ratsbane* and *laurel*.

"We say in England," quoth the General to Mr Mackenzie, "that ratsbane will not kill a lawyer."

"And we say in Scotland," answered Mr Mackenzie, "that some generals are in no danger from *laurel*."

#### A PHILOSOPHICAL PHYSICIAN.

It happened, at a small county town in England, that Sir Walter Scott suddenly required medical advice for one of his servants, and, on inquiring if there was any doctor at the place, he was told that there were two—one long established, and the other a new-comer. The latter gentleman, being luckily found at home, soon made his appearance—a grave, sagacious-looking personage, attired in black, with a shovel-hat, in whom, to his utter astonishment, Sir Walter recognised a Scotch blacksmith, who had formerly practised with tolerable success as a veterinary surgeon in the neighbourhood of Ashestiel.

"How, in all the world!" exclaimed he; "can it be possible that this is John Lundie?"

"In troth is't, yer honour; just a' that's o' him," was the answer.

"Well, but let us hear; you were a horse-doctor before; now it seems you are a man-doctor; how do you get on?"

"Ou, just extraordinary weel; for your honour maun ken my practice is very sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon twa simples."

"And what may their names be? Perhaps it is a secret."

"I'll tell your honour," he said, in a low tone; "my twa simples are just laudamy and calamy."

"Simples with a vengeance!" replied Sir Walter. "But, John, do you never happen to kill any of your patients?"

"Kill! ou aye, maybe sae! Whiles they dee, and whiles no; but it's the will o' Providence. Ony how, your honour, it will be lang before it maks up for Flodden!"

#### THE GENERAL RISING.

Joseph Gillon, an Edinburgh wit of the early part of the present century, was asked if he thought that a certain young advocate of the liberal party "would rise."

"Oh, yes," said Joseph, "I'll be bound he will;—at the general rising!"

#### A GOOD SALESMAN.

A vender of buttons, buckles, pins, and other small wares, who occupied a small shop at the head of the Saltmarket in Glasgow, in which street, erewhile, Bailie Nicol Jarvie domiciled, observed a country lout standing at his window one day, with an undecided wanting-to-buy expression on his face. At last he entered the shop and inquired of the keeper "if he had ony pistols to sell."

The shopman had long studied the counter logic of endeavouring to persuade a customer to buy what he may have on sale, rather than what the customer asks for.

"Man," said he, "what would be the use o' a pistol to you?—you wad just shoot yoursel', or maybe some other body wit! You should buy a flute; see, there's ane, an' it's no sae dear as a pistol; just stop an' open, finger about they sax wee holes, and blaw in

at the big ane, and ye can hae ony tune ye like after a wee while's practice. Besides, you'll maybe blaw a tune into the heart o' some blythe bonny lassie, that'll bring to you the worth o' a thousand pistols or German flutes either."

"Man," said the simple customer, "I'm glad that I've met wi' you the day—just tie't up;" and paying down the price asked, he bade him good-day, with a significant nod of the head, remarking, "It'll no be my faut gin ye get na a chance o' riding the broose at my waddin' sin' ye hae learned me to be my ain piper."

#### ENGLISH SHEEP HEADS.

A Scottish family, having removed to London, wished to have a sheep's head prepared as they had been accustomed to have it at home, and sent a servant to the butcher to procure one.

"My gude man," said the girl, "I want a sheep's head."

"There's plenty of them," replied the knight of the knife, "choose one for yourself."

"Na, na," said she, "I want ane that will sing (singe)."

"Go, you stupid girl," said he, "who ever heard of a sheep's head that could sing?"

"Why," said the girl in wrath, "it's ye that's stupid, for a' the sheep's heads in Scotland can sing: but I jalouse your English sheep are just as grit fules as their owners, and they can do naething as they ocht."

#### A FAMILY LIKENESS.

Some soldiers who were quartered in a country village, when they met at the roll-call, were asking one another what kind of quarters they had got; one of

them said he had very good quarters, but the strangest landlady ever he saw—she always took him off. A comrade said he would go along with him, and would take her off. He went, and offered to shake hands with her, saying,

"How are you, Elspa?"

"Indeed, sir," said she, "ye hae the better o' me: I dinna ken ye."

"Dear me, Elspa," replied the soldier, "d'ye no ken me? I'm the devil's sister's son."

"Dear save us!" quoth the old wife, looking him broadly in the face; "od, man, but ye're like your uncle!"

#### QUITE AS NECESSARY.

George Buchanan being told that the Earl of Mar had obtained the government of the young king, James VI., asked immediately, "Who, then, shall have the government of the Earl of Mar?"

#### "GREETIN' FOU."

A well-known antiquary was one night snugly seated over a bowl of punch with a few select cronies, in Leslie's tavern, in the Old Post-office Close, Edinburgh. For a reason that will appear, we are enabled to fix the precise day and date of this carousal—it was the 8th of February 1787. After bearing for a time his usual share in the social conversation that was going on, the subject of this anecdote suddenly sank into total silence, assumed a most melancholy aspect, and ultimately burst into a flood of tears. We do not mean to assert that the worthy man was at the time as sober as a judge; neither was he exactly half-fou, nor yet dead drunk; he was just at that peculiar stage of intoxication when pathetic narrative or song has the effect described in the words at the head of this para-



graph: he was, in short, "greetin' fou." The exciting cause of the antiquary's grief was, however, of a peculiarly appropriate kind.

"Dear me, Mr C—," said every one present, "what's the matter wi' ye? Has onything happened? What ails ye?"

"Oh, gentlemen," at length sobbed out the lachrymose antiquary, "I've just been thinking that it was on t'is very day twa hunder year ago that pui. Queen Mary was beheaded!"

#### A FAIR OFFER.

After the Reformation, Nigel Ramsay, laird of Dalhousie, and ancestor of the Earl of Dalhousie, went to hear a preaching along with the Regent Murray, who afterwards asked him how he liked it.

"Passing well," answered the laird; "purgatory he hath altogether ta'en away: if the morn he will take away the place of future punishment altogether as well, I will give him half the lands of Dalhousie."

#### DEAD SHOT.

An ironmonger who kept a shop in the High Street of Edinburgh, and sold gunpowder and shot, when asked by any ignorant person in what respect "patent" shot—a new article at that time—surpassed the old kind,

"Oh, sir," he would answer, "it shoots deader."

#### A CENTENARIAN PUNSTER.

It is said by tradition that Grahame of Claverhouse was very desirous to see, and be introduced to, a certain Lady Elphinstoun, who had reached the advanced age of one hundred years.

The noble matron, being a staunch whig, was rather unwilling to receive Claver'se—as he was called from his title—but at length consented. After the usual compliments, the officer observed to the lady, that having lived so much beyond the usual term of humanity, she must in her time have seen many strange changes.

"Hout na, sir," said Lady Elphinstoun, "the world is just to end wi' me as it began. When I was entering life, there was ane Knox deaving us a' wi' his *clavers*, and now I am ganging out, there is ane Claver'se deaving us a wi' his knocks."—*Sir W. Scott.*

#### A LIVING CORPSE.

Sir James Stirling, Bart., was Lord Provost of Edinburgh 1794-5. In person he was very tall and extremely attenuated. He was one day walking in his official robes, and was pointed out to an old woman from the country as the Lord Provost.

"Is that the Lord Provost?" said she in amazement; "deed, I thocht it was a corpse rinnin' awa wi' the mort-claith."

#### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

There was an old Scotchman who always rode a donkey to his work, and tethered him while he laboured on the road, or wherever else he might be. It was suggested to him by a neighbouring gentleman that he was suspected of putting him in to feed in the fields at other people's expense.

"Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that, for my cuddy winna eat anything but nettles and thistles."

One day, however, the same gentleman was riding along the road, when he saw Andrew Leslie at work, and his

donkey up to his knees in one of his own clover fields, feeding luxuriously.

"Hollo! Andrew," said he, "I thought you told me your cuddy would eat nothing but nettles and thistles."

"Ay," was the reply, "but he misbehaved the day; he nearly kicked me over his head, sae I put him in there just to punish him!"

#### AN APT TEXT.

The Rev. Hamilton Paul, on receiving the presentation to the church and parish of Broughton, near Edinburgh, preached a farewell sermon to his congregation at Ayr; and, not a little to the surprise of his auditory, gave out his text:—"And they fell upon *Paul's* neck, and kissed him!"

#### WILKIE'S NATIONALITY.

"Thomson! ye maun be a Scotch Thomson, I'll warrant?" said Wilkie to Henry Thomson, as they sat together for the first time at the Academy dinner.

"I'm of that ilk, sir," was the reply; "my father was a Scotchman."

"Was he, really?" exclaimed Wilkie, grasping the other's hand quite brotherly.

"And my mother was Irish."

"Ay, ay; was she really?" and the hand relaxed its fervour.

"And I was born in England."

Wilkie let go Thomson's hand altogether, turned his back on him, and indulged in no further conversation.—*Life of Sir David Wilkie.*

#### A HAPPY COMPLIMENT.

General Wolfe invited a Scottish officer to dine with him; the same day he was also invited by some brother officers.

"You must excuse me," said he to them—"I am already engaged to Wolfe."

A smart young ensign observed that he might as well have expressed himself with more respect, and said "General Wolfe."

"Sir," said the Scottish officer with great promptitude, "we never say 'General Alexander,' or 'General Cæsar.'"

Wolfe, who was within hearing, by a low bow acknowledged the pleasure he felt at the high compliment.

#### SCOTTISH BULLS.

A few years ago a board was placed on the wall of Newbattle House, near Edinburgh, on which was inscribed the following words:—

"Any person entering these enclosures, will be shot and prosecuted."

"Noo, my gude bairns," said a schoolmaster to his class, "there's just another instance o' the uncertainty o' human life; ane o' your ane schule-mates—a fine wee bit lassie—went to her bed hale and weel at night, and rose a corpse in the morning."

An intimation hung in a warehouse in Glasgow was to this effect:—

"No credit given here, except to those who pay money down."

#### A FORCIBLE HINT.

A gentleman who had recently returned from the East Indies, where he had made a large fortune, which he showed no great alacrity about spending, was of opinion, it seems, that his company had had enough of wine, rather sooner than they had come to the same conclusion. He offered another bottle in feeble and hesitating

terms, and remained dallying with the corkscrew, as if in hopes that some one would interfere, and prevent further effusion of the Bordeaux.

"Sir," said Robert Burns, the poet, losing temper, and betraying in his mood something of the old rusticity—"Sir, you have been in Asia, and, for naught I know, on the Mount of Moriah, and you seem to hang over your *tappit hen* as remorsefully as Abraham did over his son Isaac. Come, sir, to the sacrifice!"—*Lockhart*.

#### A FAIR EXCHANGE.

An old Scottish beggar, with bonnet in hand, appealed to a clergyman for "a bit of charity." The minister put a piece of silver into his hand. "Thank ye, sir; oh, thank ye! I'll gie ye an afternoon's hearing for this anc o' these days."

#### THE MINOR PROPHETS.

A Scotch preacher being sent to officiate one Sunday at a country parish, was accommodated at night in the manse, in a very diminutive closet, instead of the usual "best bed" appropriated to strangers.

"Is this the bedroom?" he said when he saw it, starting back in amazement.

"Deed ay, sir," responded the lady of the house, who had escorted him upstairs: "this is the prophet's chaumer."

"It maun be for the minor prophets, then," was the quiet reply.

#### WHAT WAS SAID TO "THE CAUSE."

Sir Walter Scott brought pleasure with him into every party. His rich, racy humour in telling stories and giving anecdotes, always on the spur of

the moment, was delightful. He had an anecdote ready, a story to match, or "cap" as he used to call it, every one he heard; and that with most perfect ease and hearty good humour. His first publisher, Robert Miller, gave anecdotes very pleasantly, and one day, after dinner, he was telling the company that either he, or some friend, had been present at an assize court in Jedburgh, when a farm-servant had summoned his master for non-payment of wages, which he—the servant—had justly forfeited through some misconduct. After a great deal of cross-questioning—

"I'm sure, my lord," said the pursuer, "I'm seeking nowt but what I've rowt for!"

"Ay, my man," responded the judge, "but I'm thinking ye'll hae to *rowt* a wee langer afore ye get it though;" and nonsuited him.

Scott, with the others, was well pleased with this courtly dialogue, and in his easy unaffected manner, said—

"Well, something of a similar nature occurred when a friend of mine was present at the Justice-court at Jedburgh. Two fellows had been taken up for sheep-stealing; there was a dense crowd, and we were listening with breathless attention to the evidence, when, from what reason I have forgotten, there was a dead pause, during which the judge, observing a rosy-cheeked, chubby-faced country boy, who seemed to pay the utmost attention to what was going on, and continued to fix his eyes on his lordship's countenance, cried out to the callant—

"'Well, my man, what do *you* say to the cause?"

"'Eh, gosh,' answered the boy, 'but that's a gude ane! What div I say? I whiles say *Pui hup*, and whiles I say *Pui ho*, to the caws,' meaning, of course, the calves. "But the business was quickly decided," continued the narrator, "for the whole

court, judge and jury, were thrown into such convulsions of laughter, that nothing more could be said or done."

#### A HIGHLAND SENTINEL.

A Highland regiment was stationed in India during a troublous time. On a night when "The Brig o' Perth" was the watchword, a comparatively raw lad was placed as a sentry. After he had paced backwards and forwards for some time, one of his own regiment came up, and the sentinel challenged him with "Who goes there?" The soldier answered, "A friend."

"Pe she friend or no friend," replied the faithful watch, "gin she dinna bring ta Brig o' Perth wi' her, she'll shoot."

#### SCOTT'S OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

It is interesting to observe how not a few of the familiar names known to him in his youth or boyhood have been preserved on his written page, and are now classical. Thus Meg Dods was the real name of a woman, or "Luckie," in Howgate, "who brewed good ale for gentlemen." In the account of a Galloway trial, in which Scott was counsel, occurs the name "Mackinfog," afterwards that of the famous turnkey in *Guy Mannering*. The name "Dunward" may still be seen on the signs of Arbroath and Forfar, and Scott had doubtless met it there; as well as that of "Prudefute, or Proudfoot," in or near Perth; "Morton," in the lists of the western Whigs; and "Gilfillan," in the catalogue of the prisoners in Dunnottar Castle. Nothing, in fact, that ever flashed on the eye or vibrated on the ear of this extraordinary man but was in some form or other reproduced in his writings.—*Gilfillan*.

#### A CONTEMPORARY OF BURNS.

During the celebration of the Burns' Centenary in Edinburgh in 1859, a "tea banquet" was held in the Corn Exchange. At it appeared Mr William Glover, a centenarian, and formerly a carrier, who was personally associated with the poet when both were young men. The hale old man related the circumstances of several interviews he had had with Burns, and among others he told how, on one occasion, being storm-stayed at Dumfries in the severe winter of 1795, he was treated to share of half-a-mutchkin of whisky in his landlady's by Burns. He described the poet as a "weel-made man, with dark hair and chestnut eyes," and said, "he was not talkative; but of course he had nae business to converse wi' me: he just signed my permits, and my business was done wi' him."

#### AN EXACTING PRISONER.

An anecdote illustrative of the condition of Scottish prisons thirty-four years ago is given by Lord Cockburn in his "Journal:"—"We have had good specimens of the present condition of some prisons. One man was tried at Inverness for prison-breaking, and his defence was that he was ill-fed, and that the prison was so weak that he had sent a message to the jailer that if he did not get more meat he would not stay another hour, and he went out accordingly."

#### A GHOST NONPLUSSED.

"Watty Dunlop," the humorous minister of Dumfries, had frequently practical jokes played upon him, but the perpetrators rarely got the better of him. On one occasion some idle and mischievous youths waited for him as

he passed through a churchyard, and one of them came up to him dressed as a ghost, in hopes of frightening him; but Watty's cool accost speedily upset the plan.

"Weel, Maister Ghost," said he, "is this a general rising, or are ye just taking a daunder frae your grave by yersel?"

#### THE OUTCOME OF AN INVASION.

A small landed proprietor, discussing with a manufacturer the probable consequences of an invasion of Scotland, the former, with a feeling of self-congratulation, observed, that although trade might for a time be destroyed, they could not take away the land. "No," slyly responded the latter, "they couldna tak awa the land, but they might change the laird."

#### ON TONALD JONES.

The following has been deciphered from an inscription on a decayed tombstone in Skye:—

"Here lie the bones  
O' Tonal Jones,  
The wale o' men  
For eating scones—  
Eating scones  
And drinking yill,  
Till his last moans  
He took his fill."

#### SMUGGLING A GENERAL.

General Anstruther, who represented the East of Fife Burghs at the time of the Porteous mob, gained unpopularity by voting for the bill, against the city of Edinburgh. Having to go south, he deemed it imprudent to cross the Firth by the usual ferry, and pass to Edin-

burgh direct; so he got a couple of stout fishermen and a boat at Elie, and crossed to East Lothian. On the passage, he fell into conversation with the two men.

"Well, I suppose you fellows are all great smugglers?"

"Ou, ay," said one of them dryly; "but I dinna think we ever smuggled a general before!"

#### REGAINING LOST GROUND.

At a party in modern Athens, one of the guests observed her son Charles eating rather more voraciously than the laws of even northern etiquette allowed. She watched for an opportunity, and gave him one of those significant looks which only mothers and elder sisters can command; but instead of stopping him, it merely called forth this remark—

"Oh, ye needna look at me that way, mother, and nod for me to stop. Ye ken this was washing-day, and I got no dinner."

#### THE BEST JUDGE.

Burns was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant belonging to the town had the misfortune to fall into the harbour. He was no swimmer; and his death would have been inevitable had not a sailor plunged in, at the risk of his own life, and rescued him from his dangerous situation. The merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the insignificance of the sum; but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamour, "For," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

## AN ODD CHARACTER.

Sir James Colquhoun, Bart. of Luss, principal clerk of Session, was one of the odd characters of the time, and was much teased by the wags of the Parliament House. On one occasion, whilst Henry Erskine was at the Inner-House Bar during the advising of some important case, he amused himself by making faces at Sir James, who was sitting at the clerk's table, beneath the judges. His victim was much annoyed at the strange conduct of the tormenting lawyer, and, unable to bear it, disturbed the gravity of the Court by rising and exclaiming, "My Lord, my Lord, I wish you would speak to Harry, he's aye making faces at me!" Harry, however, looked as grave as a judge. Peace ensued, and the advising went on, when Sir James, casting his eyes towards the Bar, witnessed a new grimace from his tormentor, and convulsed Bench, Bar, and audience by roaring out, "There, there, my Lord, see he's at it again!" Sir James, notwithstanding his simplicity in ordinary matters, had much worldly wisdom, for no one knew better how to take care of his money than he did.—*Court of Session Garland.*

## AN EXPLANATION.

"How had you the audacity, John," said a Scottish laird to his servant, "to go and tell some people that I was a mean fellow, and no gentleman?"

"Na, na, sir," was the candid answer, "you'll no catch me at the like o' that. I aye keep my *thoughts to mysel*."

## WILL SPEIRS' HORSE.

Will Speirs joined a funeral passing along the road in the same direction as he was going; all the attendants were on horseback, and Will, to save appear-

ances, got astride on his huge pole or staff that he walked with. One of the mourners in attendance observed to Will—

"So ye hae gotten a horse, Will; it's a peaceable like brute."

"Ou ay, puir thing, it's no ill to keep; it's neither gi'en to flinging nor eating corn."

## A BAD COLD.

A precentor, who had a bad cold, occupied the "desk" so badly, that the minister whispered to him over the side of the pulpit—

"What's the matter wi' ye, John?"

John whispered back—

"That there was an unco kittlin' in the paup o' his hass."

"A kittlin, do ye caw't? It sounds to me like an auld tam cat."

## PRESENTING AND PREACHING.

In a parish not thirty miles from Elgin, the people were one Sunday in want of a precentor; and the minister meeting one of his parishioners, accustomed to much speaking in public, the following colloquy occurred between them:

"John, can you present?"

"Na," replied John; "but, sir, gin ye like tae sing yersel', I'll preach."

The parson stood aghast, exclaiming, "O, John, you would not try to preach?" To which John replied, with a leer in his eye, "An' fat wad hinner me? onybody can dee that noo."

## A HARD WORD EXPLAINED.

The Rev. James Bonmar, of Auchtermuchty, was officiating at Kettle, in Fife, one Sunday for a friend. He observed, with some annoyance, many of his hearers nodding and asleep in

their pews while he was preaching; he took his measures accordingly, and introduced the word "hyperbolic" into his sermon. He then paused, and said—

"Now, my friends, some of you may not understand this word hyperbolic—I'll explain it. Suppose that I were to say that this congregation were *all* asleep in this church at the present moment, I would be speaking hyperbolically; because," looking round, "I don't believe that more than one-half of you are sleeping."

The effect was instantaneous, and those who were nodding recovered themselves and nudged their sleeping neighbours, and the preacher went on as if nothing had happened.

#### TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

There were three candidates for a Scottish pulpit. The first one put upon his trial, while adjusting his robe, happened to descry an ancient-looking well-worn roll of paper, which proved to be a sermon upon the text, "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." Seeing that the old sermon was much better than his new one, the aspirant to pulpit honours took possession of it, delivered it as his own, and then returned it to its old resting-place. The sermon was a good one, and pleased the hearers, although they would have preferred one delivered without book. Great was their astonishment the following Sunday when preacher number two treated them with the same sermon from the same text; but it was too much for Scottish patience when the third candidate, falling into the same trap, commenced his sermon by announcing that "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents;" and one old woman relieved the feelings of her fellow-sufferers by exclaiming: "Deil dwell 'um! Is Jacob ne'er gann tae flit?"

#### THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Charles Erskine was, at the age of twenty, a teacher of Latin in Edinburgh University. On one occasion, after his elevation to the Bench, a young lawyer in arguing a case before him used a false Latin quantity, whereupon his lordship said, with a good-natured smile—

"Are you sure, sir, you are correct in your quantity there?"

The young counsel, nettled at the query, retorted petulantly, "My lord, I never was a schoolmaster."

"No," replied the judge; "nor, I think, a scholar either."

#### THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

When Sir Walter Scott was at school, a boy in the same class was asked by the "dominie" what part of speech "with" was.

"A noun, sir," said the boy.

"You young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give of such a thing?"

"I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott; "you know there's a verse in the Bible which says, 'They bound Sampson with *withs*.'"

#### AN AWKWARD TIME TO SMOKE.

As two Highlanders were travelling along the side of a disused quarry, the bonnet of one of them was blown off. The face of the quarry, while rather high and vertical, had several abutments, and on one of these the bonnet had fallen. Fertile in expedients, the one, a burly, tall fellow, proposed to lower the other, who was small, with a rope he had with him; and ere long the latter was dangling at one end of it, while his friend held the other firmly. The bonnet was secured, and the adven-

turer had called out to his countryman to haul him up again, when the Celt above exclaimed—

“Hoult a moment, Sandy, will ye, till I get ta pipe lichtit?” at the same time letting go his hold of the rope. Fortunately there was just enough water below to break the unlucky one’s fall without drowning him.

#### A FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

At the Raid of Stirling, in 1585, when King James the Sixth, then a youth of nineteen, was pressing forward to the gate, in order to meet the lords who had come to take him, Thomas, master of Glammis, put his foot to the gate, and held the king in. James burst into tears at this rude but prudent and conscientious conduct on the part of his guardian, who sternly observed, “Better that bairns weep, than bearded men.”—*R. Chambers.*

#### HOW TO EAT “A BEAST.”

Lord Polkemmet, a Scottish Lord of Session, usually retired to his country residence during the vacation. John Hagart, the Scottish advocate, equally idle, from a similar cause, went to shoot; and happening to pass Lord P.’s property, he met his lordship, who politely invited John to take a family dinner with himself, his wife, and daughter. John accepted the invitation, and appeared at the proper time. There was a joint of roasted veal at the head of the table, stewed veal at the bottom, veal soup in the middle, calf’s head on one side of the soup and veal cutlets on the other, calf’s-foot jelly between the soup and roast veal, and calf’s brains between the stewed veal and the soup.

“Noo,” says his lordship, in his own blunt way, “Mr Hagart, you may very

likely think this an odd sort of dinner; but ye’ll no wonder when you hear the cause of it. We keep nae company, Mr Hagart, and my daughter here caters for our table. The way we do is just this:—We kill a beast, as it were to-day, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail, and gang back again by the other side to where we began.”

#### AN EXPERIENCED COUPLE.

July 1814. Lately, at Glasgow, Mr H. Cain, aged *eighty-four*, to Mrs Maxwell, of Clark’s Bridge, aged *ninety-six*. It is the *sixth* time for the bridegroom, and the *ninth* time for the bride, being joined in wedlock.—*European Magazine.*

#### LORD BRAXFIELD’S MAXIM.

This humorous, determined, and stern criminal judge had a favourite maxim which he used frequently to repeat: “Hang a thief when he’s young, and he’ll no steal when he’s auld.”

#### “HERE SIT I, AND MY THREE SONS.”

A jolly dame, who, not “Sixty Years since,” kept the principal caravansary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honour to receive under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls: be it said, in passing, none of the reverend party were reckoned very powerful in the pulpit. After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs Buchan, the landlady, whether she ever had had such a party in her house before?

“Here sit I,” he said, “a placed



minister in the Kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk. Confess, Luckie Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before."

The question was not premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass of wine or the like, so Mrs Buchan answered dryly—

"Indeed, sir, I cannot just say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers; and deil a spring they could play among them!"—*Waverley*.

#### BURNS AND JAMIE QUIN.

Burns was kind to such helpless creatures as were weak in mind, and who sauntered harmlessly about. A poor half-mad creature—the Madge Wildfire, it is said, of Scott—always found a mouthful ready for her at the bard's fireside; nor was he unkind to a crazy and tippling prodigal named Quin.

"Jamie," said the poet one day, as he gave him a penny, "you should pray to be turned from the evil of your ways; you are ready now to melt that penny into whisky."

"Turn!" said Jamie, who was a wit in his way; "I wish some ane would turn me into the worm o' Will Hyslop's whisky-still, that the drink might dribble through me for ever."

"Weel said, Jamie," answered the poet, "you shall have a glass of whisky once a week for that, if ye'll come sober for't."

A friend rallied Burns for indulging such creatures.

"You don't understand the matter," said he; "they are poets: they have the madness of the muse, and all they want is the inspiration—a mere trifle!"

—*Cunningham*.

#### A DISCUSSION FROM THE PULPIT.

The following incident occurred between an old Lord Elphinstone and his parish minister. The latter, be it premised, was a very addleheaded theologian, and in his sermons occasionally knew not the end from the beginning. One Sunday his lordship, to his customary sleeping, added an unmistakable snore. This was too much for the minister—who, like another, held that "sleeping in the house of God was bad enough, but snoring was out of the question," so he stopped and cried—

"Wauken, my Lord Elphinstone."

A grunt followed, and then his lordship answered—

"I'm no sleepin', minister."

"But ye are sleepin'—I wager ye dinna ken what I said last."

"Ye said, 'Wauken, my Lord Elphinstone.'"

"Ay, ay; but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that."

"I wager ye dinna ken yersel!"

#### INTEREST AND DISINTERESTEDNESS.

Many years since, when the present Earl of Dalhousie, then the Hon. Fox Maule, stood as a candidate for the city of Perth, one of his most enthusiastic admirers among the lower order of the inhabitants was Sand Jess, a woman who lived by vending the article from which she derived her sobriquet. Jess, being a staunch Liberal in her political views, was so devoted to the interests of Mr Fox Maule that she more than once during the election time headed motley processions of boys, bearing rustic flags, banners, placards, &c., in his honour. Chancing to meet her hero during one of those noisy ovations, her zeal, both in his interest and her own, showed itself in words.

"Oh, ma bonnie Fox Maule, ma bonnie Fox Maule!" she exclaimed, in enthusiastic admiration, as she stopped him short in his path. "Hae ye a wife, Fox Maule?" she asked him breathlessly.

"Ay, have I, Jess," replied the nobleman, with an amused smile.

"Would she be needin' ony sand, d'ye think?" inquired Jess, with much interest.

What Mr Fox Maule's reply was was lost in the laughter of the crowd, but Jess won five shillings of him through her zeal in his interest and her own on the occasion.

#### NOT FAR FROM THE TRUTH.

During the trial of a disputed settlement at Leith, one of the witnesses was asked—

"Do sermons that are delivered and not read edify you the most?"

He excited the risibility of the court by replying—

"I consider that if ministers cannot remember their own sermons, it is perfectly unreasonable to expect their hearers to do so."

#### SINGLE OR DOUBLE?

"Weel, Peggy," said an old man to a female servant whom he had known all his days, "are ye no married yet?"

"Me married yet!" replied Peggy indignantly, "I daresay no! I would-na gie my single life for a' the double anes ever I saw."

#### A SCOTTISH HERCULES.

"Big Sam," a noted character in the Sutherland Fencibles, happened one night to be placed as sentry over a piece of ordnance, which, on account of

its weight, would have required three or four ordinary men to move it. He had not been long at his post, however, when his comrades, who were enjoying themselves at the guard-room fire, were astonished at his entrance with the huge instrument of warfare on his shoulder. On being asked what he meant by deserting his post, Sam replied—

"Why, what's the use, lads, of standing out there in such a cold night as this, watching that bit of air, when I can watch it as well in here and keep mysel' warm too?"

#### A SAD PROSPECT.

A venerable matron of the old school, in the whaling burgh of Peterhead, hearing that a comet was expected to appear, which would perhaps destroy the world, uttered the following lamentation:—

"Fat will the peer things that's awa tee Greenland dee, fan they come hame frae the fishin', and fin' that there's nae warld left till come tee?"

#### LORD COCKBURN CONFOUNDED.

One day Lord Cockburn went into the Second Division of the Court of Session, but came out again very hurriedly, meeting Lord Jeffrey at the door.

"Do you see ony paleness about my face, Jeffrey?" asked Cockburn.

"No," replied Jeffrey, "I hope you're weel enough?"

"I don't know," said the other: "but I have just heard Bolus (Lord Justice-Clerk Boyle) say: 'I for one am of opinion that this case is founded on the fundamental basis of a quadrilateral contract, the four sides of which are agglutinated by adhesion!'"

"I think, Cockburn," said Jeffrey, "that you had better go home."

## ST PAUL'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

Tam Neil, the precentor, and a drouthy crony, accidentally met one day in the Potterrow (*Scot.* Patterraw) of Edinburgh. They were both anxious to get their "meridian," but neither had a stiver. In vain they looked around for some kindly invitation—they could not part dry-mouthed, but where could they go? "Let's see what chance will do," said Tam, and they ventured speculatively into the public-house of an old acquaintance. A gill was called for, and the landlady invited to "tak' the poison off the glass;" which she readily did to oblige, as she said, "sae auld a friend as the precentor." A conversation ensued upon the common topics of the day—the war, the dearth of provisions, and other things; and Tam took occasion to allude to the great alterations then going on in the city. "What wi' levelling streets, and bigging brigs (the North Bridge was being built at the time), they'll no leave ae stane o' the auld toon aboon anither," said the landlady.

"It's a confounded shame," rejoined Tam; "and sic an ancient city, too! I'm tauld the Apostle Paul ance visited this very district we're sitting in the noo."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his crony.

"Ye're clean gyte noo, Tam," said the landlady; "I'm sure I've read the Testament mony a time, an' I ne'er saw sic a thing in't."

"What'll you wager, then?" quoth the wily precentor.

"It's no for the like o' me to be wagering," said she; "but, in a case like this, I'll haud ye the gill on the table there's no a word about the Patterraw in a' his history."

The Testament was produced—Tam turned over the leaves with affected difficulty, till at last he hit upon the passage, Acts xxi 1—“We came with

a straight course unto Coos, and the day following unto Rhodes, and from thence unto P-a-t-a-r-a,” giving the latter word with the longest Edinburgh drawl he could command. Against such conclusive evidence the simple hostess could not appeal; and she was so highly pleased at the discovery, that, like Ève, she wished the “gudeman” to be made wise like herself. John at this moment came in, and, on being informed of the fact, was as incredulous as his rib had been.

“I'm no,” said he, “a great reader o' the New Testament, but I'll wager half-a-mutchkin wi' ony man, that the Patterraw, ay, or ony ither raw in Edinburgh, is no sae muckle as mentioned between the twa buirds o' the whole Bible.”

The stoup was filled and placed on the table, and the “gudewife” was secretly gratified that John's wisdom, so immaculate in his own estimation, was now to be found faulty. The “P-a-t-a-r-a” text was again referred to, and once more admitted as conclusive; and Tam and his friend, thus “providentially” supplied, were spared the mortification of parting with dry mouths.—*Kay.*

## IN A TRANCE.

Dr David Shaw of Coylton, who figures in *The Holy Tulzie* of Burns, was moderator of the General Assembly in 1775. He had a fine old clergyman-like kind of wit. In the house of a man of rank, where he once spent a night, an alarm took place after midnight, which brought all the members of the family from their dormitories. The Doctor encountered a countess in her chemise, which occasioned mutual confusion. At breakfast, next morning, a lady asked him what he thought when he met the countess in the lobby.

"Oh, my lady," replied the pawkie minister, "I was just in a *trance!*"

Trance, in Scotland, signifies a passage or vestibule, as well as a swoon.

#### TOM PURDIE'S EPITAPH.

Purdie, Sir Walter Scott's favourite servant, appeared before the Sheriff first as a poacher; but Scott became interested in his story, which he told with a mixture of pathos, simplicity, and pawky humour, and extended to him forgiveness and favour. Tom served him long and faithfully, and we have been told that Scott proposed for his epitaph the words, "Here lies one who might have been trusted with untold gold, but not with unmeasured whisky."

#### BURNS AND LORD JEFFREY.

One day, in the winter of 1786-7, Lord Jeffrey, when a boy, was standing on the High Street of Edinburgh, staring at a man whose appearance struck him; a person standing at a shop door tapped him on the shoulder, and said—

"Ay, laddie! ye may weel look at that man! That's Robert Burns."

Jeffrey never saw Burns again.

#### A LIVELY OLD WOMAN.

A neighbour endeavoured to comfort Margaret Cruickshank, when in the 99th year of her age, for the loss of a daughter with whom she had long resided, by observing that in the course of nature she could not long survive.

"Ay," said the good old woman, with pointed indignation, "what fey token d'ye see about me?"

She only lived, however, to complete her 100th year.—*Stat. Account.*

#### CLARET LONG AGO.

1770.—I have heard Henry Mackenzie and other old people say, that when a cargo of claret came to Leith, the common way of proclaiming its arrival was by sending a hogshead of it through the town on a cart, with a horn; and that anybody who wanted a sample, or a drink under pretence of a sample, had only to go to the cart with a jug, which, without much nicety about its size, was filled for a sixpence. The tax ended this mode of advertising; and, aided by the horror of everything French, drove claret from all tables below the richest.—*Lord Cockburn.*

#### PLAIN JOHN CAMPBELL.

When Lord Campbell was a candidate for the city of Edinburgh, he told the citizens that he appeared before them as "Plain John Campbell" to solicit their votes. Hence he got the sobriquet of "Plain John"—an epithet which puzzled an old woman very much, for she said, "I dinna ken what for they ca' him Plain John; he is no that ugly. If it were the Provost, that would be anither thing, for he is an ill-faur'd and black-avised loon, but Jock is no that bad looking."

#### "MANNERS" IMPROVED.

At the usual dinner, at the Inverness Market, recently, a speaker observed: One of our poets had said, in lines which have often been quoted—

"Let laws and learning, arts and commerce die;

But spare—oh! spare our old nobility."

A better version (continued the speaker) would perhaps be:

"Let laws and learning, arts and commerce thrive;

Our nobles too—but let them look alive!"

## THE BOOT.

An English visitor of Scotland, in 1679, describes the boot, as "four pieces of narrow boards nailed together, of a competent length for the leg, not unlike the short cases we use to guard young trees from the rabbits, which they wedge so tightly on all sides, that not being able to bear the pain, they promise confession to get rid of it." However, a clergyman taken at Pentland Hills, for the very suspicious appendage of "a sword, though not present at the fight, was first cruelly tortured with iron boots," which is confirmed by another, describing him as a "much honoured young minister," who patiently endured the torture of the boot—a cruel engine of iron.

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

A learned but rather long-winded minister, being asked if he did not feel tired after preaching such long sermons, answered—

"Na, na, *I'm* no tired;" to which he added, however, with much pawkie *naivete*, "but, losh me! hoo tired the folks are whiles!"

## A LOGICAL DEFINITION.

A Scottish blacksmith being asked what was the meaning of metaphysics, replied—

"When the party wha listens disna ken what the party wha speaks means; and when the party wha speaks disna ken what he means himsel!—that's metaphysics."

## THE SHERIFF'S KETTLE.

On an eminence bordering with Benholme and Garvock, called *Kinchet*, or, more properly, *King's Seat Hill*,

there is a large cairn or heap of stones, where, according to tradition, a king once sat in judgment. Among other complaints, many were lodged against Melville of Allardice, at that time sheriff of the county, for his oppression. The royal judge, either wearied with the complainers, or enraged with the offender, said, probably in a peevish humour—

"I wish that sheriff were sodden and supped in brose."

Such was the savage barbarity of the times, that the barons, who were little accustomed to the formalities of a trial, laid hold on these words, and put them literally in execution. The place where the deed was perpetrated lies at the bottom of the hills, on the side next Garvock, is not unlike the cavity of a kiln for drying corn, and still retains the name of the Sheriff's Kettle.—*Stat. Account.*

## WATCHING AND WARDING.

In former times, the citizens of Edinburgh were obliged, personally, to watch over the safety of the town, and this duty was known as *watching and warding*. It was incumbent on the mercantile people to keep watch alternately during the night; but such hard duty being found inconvenient, a regular guard of sixty men was instituted in 1648. No certain fund, however, being provided for their maintenance, the old method of watching and warding was resumed; but the citizens now proved very remiss in their duty, inasmuch that the Privy Council at last informed the magistrates, that the King's troops would be quartered in the city, unless they appointed a proper guard. This order produced a guard of forty men in 1679, which, in 1682, was augmented to one hundred and eight. After the Revolution, a petition

was given into government, setting forth, that the inhabitants had been imposed upon, in establishing a town-guard, and praying for leave to abolish it. This was immediately granted; but so changeable, it seems, was the disposition of the people, that the very next year another petition was presented, praying for leave to re-establish a guard of one hundred and twenty-six men, which was also granted, and was continued until the disembodiment of the city guard in 1812.—*Kincaid*.

#### DANDIE DINMONT SEEKING JUSTICE.

"We're at the auld wark o' the marches again, Jock o' Dawston Cleugh and me. Ye see we march on the tap o' Touthop-rigg after we pass the Pomoragrains; for the Pomoragrains, and Slackenspool, and Bloodylaws, they come in there, and they belang to the Peel; but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed catluggit stane, that they ca' Charlie's Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charlies-hope they march. Now, I say, the march rins on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears; but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again, he contravenes that, and says that it hauds down by the auld drove-road that gaes awa by the Knot o' the Gate ower to Keelcar-ward—and that makes an unco difference."

"And what difference does it make, friend?" said Pleydell. "How many sheep will it feed?"

"Ou, no mony," said Dandie, scratching his head; "it's lying high and exposed—it may feed a hog, or aiblins twa in a good year."

"And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a-year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pound or two?"

"Na, sir, it's no for the value o' the grass," replied Dandie, "it's for justice."

"My good friend," said Pleydell "justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter."

Dandie still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand.

"It's no for that, sir,—but I would like ill to be bragged wi' him;—he threeps he'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair—and I'm sure there's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that lived a' their days upon the Charlies-hope, and wadna like to see the land lose its rigt."

"Zounds, man, if it be a point of honour," said the lawyer, "why don't your landlords take it up?"

"I dinna ken, sir" (scratching his head again); "there's been nae election-dusts lately, and the lairds are unco neighbourly, and Jock and me canna get them to yoke thegither about it a' that we can say; but if ye thought we might keep up the rent"—

"No! no! that will never do," said Pleydell; "confound you, why don't you take good cudgels and settle it?"

"Od, sir," answered the farmer, "we tried that three times already—that's twice on the land and ance at Lockerby fair. But I dinna ken—we're baith gey guid at single-stick, and it couldna weel be judged."

"Then take broadwords, and be d-d to you, as your fathers did before you," said the counsel learned in the law.

"Aweel, sir, if ye think it wadna be again the law, it's a' ane to Dandie."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed Pleydell, "we shall have another Lord Soulis' mistake. Pr'ythee man, comprehend me; I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a lawsuit you wish to engage in."

"Ay, sir?" said Dandie, in a disap-

pointed tone. "Sae ye winna tak on wi' me, I'm doubting?"

"Me! Not I. Go home, go home, take a pint and agree."—*Guy Man-nering*.

#### STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

Stockwell Street, Glasgow, is pretty well known, and every person in the locality is aware of the "Ratten Well," with its impure waters. It is said that, in days of yore, when Sir William Wallace had occasion to be in that quarter, he and his followers met a party of Englishmen at the well. A skirmish ensued, and the bodies of the Englishmen, who were defeated, were thrown by the victorious Scots into the well.

"Stock it well! stock it well!" exclaimed Wallace, from which expression the street received its name. So says tradition, at all events; and it is even yet believed that the bad quality of the water is owing to the putrefaction of the dead bodies of the Englishmen.—*Scottish Journal*.

#### JEAN ELLIOT'S "FLOWERS OF THE FOREST."

It was in 1756,—the year when Lord Chatham, as William Pitt, first took office—the year when Admiral Byng was executed, and Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa entered on the Seven Years' War,—that Miss Jean Elliot, "riding home after nightfall" in the family coach with her brother, Mr Gilbert, had a certain conversation with him on the battle of Flodden, which had been so fatal to the men of the Forest, that the much later battle of Philiphaugh—fought actually within the Forest's bounds—had been comparatively forgotten. When Gilbert Elliot and his sister held that memorable conversation, she was a thoughtful

woman, past the period of youth when the heart is engrossed by its own hopes and fears—its own sweetness and bitterness. Speech had sunk into silence, Gilbert, manlike, had chosen to relieve the sober philanthropy and anti-quarianism, the romantic dreariness, as one may say, of the topic, by giving it a sudden practical turn. He laid a wager of a pair of gloves or a set of ribbons, that his sister Jean could not write a ballad on Flodden. Yielding to the influence of the moment, Jean accepted the challenge. Leaning back in her corner, with all the most mournful stories of the country-side for her inspiration, and two lines of an old ballad, which had often rung in her ears and trembled on her lips, for a foundation, she planned and constructed the rude framework of her "Flowers of the Forest." Afterwards the song was duly and correctly written down.—*Songstresses of Scotland*.

#### THE TOWN-CRIER OF MAYBOLE.

Sandy Gordon, the town-crier of Maybole, was a character in his way. At one period of his life he had been an auctioneer and appraiser, although his "lowing drouth" interfered sadly with the business, but neither poverty nor misfortune could blunt Sandy's relish for a joke. One day going down the street he encountered his son riding on an ass.

"Weel, Jock," quoth he, "you're riding on your brither."

"Ay, father," rejoined the son, "I didna ken this was ane o' yours tae."

At a neighbouring village he had one day sold his shoes to slake his thirst. After the transaction he was discovered seated on the roadside gazing on his bare feet, and soliloquising in this strain—"Step forrit, barefit Gordon, if it's no on you it's in you."

He was once taking a walk into the country when he met Sir David Hunter Blair.

"Where are you for to-day, Gordon?" asked the baronet.

"Sir David," rejoined the crier, with some dignity, "if I was to ask that at you, you would say I was ill-bred."

He had the misfortune once to break his leg in a drunken brawl, and a hastily-constructed litter was improvised to carry him home. Still his characteristic humour did not leave him. "Canny boys," he would cry to those carrying him, "keep the funeral step; tak care o' my pipe; let oor Jock tae the head, he's the chief mourner."

#### FACETIÆ ABERDONENSIS.

A venerable Aberdeen bailie, long ago called to his fathers, had once, on a most extraordinary occasion, to travel all the way to the metropolis of the world, London. He was informed, before his departure, by an economical friend, that the cheapest way of living in London was to dine at a coffee-room. This practice he accordingly adopted. Seated in a coffee-room one forenoon, very hungry, he could by no means name to the waiters any dish which there was a possibility of procuring. At length, hearing a gentleman call for coffee, he vociferated—

"I'm sayin', waiter, I'll hae coffee, tee."

"Coffee tea, sir," said the waiter; 'sorry we've no beverage called that 'ere in the 'ouse."

"Lord sake, min," said the bailie, "canna ye gie's coffee, the thing the tither chap's gettin'?"

"Oh yes, sir; bring you a cup of coffee."

But when the coffee was produced, the bailie liked not the three miserable slices of toast which accompanied it; so, having finished them, he said—

"I'm sayin', waiter, I'll hae nae mair o' them wafers; ye maun bring me a shave o' loaf at ance."

"Yes, sir, immediately."

But the waiter was not so good as his word; for, returning, he stated—

"We've sent and searched every baker's shop in the street, sir, and can't find such a thing as a shavoloaf, sir."

Now this was truly perplexing, and the bailie had still to rack his ingenuity for his dinner. At length a "happy thought" struck him. He saw some pigeons perched on a chimney close by, and he would have a "doo tert;" but what this meant, all the learned men in the coffee-room could not discover. He was at last enabled, however, by means of a series of signs, to make known that he wished a "pigeon pie."

#### A PROLIFIC ROOT OF RYE.

In the year 1827, there grew on the farm of Bents, parish of Kirkmichael, Dumfriesshire, a root of rye, size of a Portugal onion, from which sprung sixty-six stalks, each provided with a well-filled head. It was allowed to ripen, and, when pulled up, the grains were counted, and found to amount to the amazing number of *four thousand and ninety-six* pickles—perhaps the greatest quantity ever produced from one grain of rye.

#### A CHRISTENING CUSTOM.

There is a custom, strictly Scottish, which used to be connected with the preliminaries of the baptism service, and which may occasionally be found in the present day. A young unmarried woman takes the child to church, and she carries in her hand a slice of bread and cheese, with a pin out of the



child's dress, which she is bound to give to the first male person she meets.

I heard of an amusing incident resulting from this custom. An English duke had arrived in Glasgow on a Sunday, and was wandering in the streets during the time of afternoon service. A young woman came up to him with a child in her arms, and presented a piece of bread and cheese. In vain he protested that he did not know what she meant—that he had nothing to do with her or her child—that he was an entire stranger—that he had never been in Scotland before—that he knew nothing of the usages of the Presbyterian Kirk, being of the Church of England—and that she should give the “piece” to somebody else. The young woman was deaf to all his arguments, and held out authoritatively the bread and cheese. Thinking probably that the lass had not given him credit for what he said, he told her in perfect simplicity, that he was the Duke of —, and that he had just arrived at a hotel which he named. The answer shut his mouth—

“Though you were the king on the throne, sir, ye maun tak that bread and cheese!”—*Dr Clason.*

#### FAMOUS PIPERS.

In ancient times almost every town, especially in the south of Scotland, had a piper, whose office was often hereditary, and who was generally attached to the burghal establishment of the place. These functionaries, who are supposed to have been the last remains of the minstrels of a more early age, were frequently the depositaries of oral, and particularly of poetical tradition. About spring time, and after harvest, it was the custom of the pipers to make a progress through a particular district of the country. The music and the tale repaid their lodging, and they were

usually rewarded with a donation of seed corn. They received a livery and small salary from the community to which they belonged; and, in some burghs, they had a small allotment of land, generally called the Piper's Croft.

It was the custom of James Ritchie, the town piper of Peebles, who was among the last of his order, to make his rounds annually on *Handsel Monday*, or the first Monday of the year, for the purpose of receiving a gratuity from the different householders. His uniform consisted of a pair of red breeches and coat, of an antique fashion, with a looped-up cocked hat, and, till the last, he wore a plaited queue.

Robin Hastie, the last town piper of Jedburgh, and a contemporary of Ritchie, died\* about the beginning of the present century. His family was supposed to have held the office for about three centuries. Old age had rendered Robin a wretched performer; but he knew several old songs and tunes, which have probably died along with him.

This order of minstrels is alluded to in the comic song of *Maggie Lauder*, who thus addresses the piper—

“Live ye upon the Border?”

Habbie Simpson, to whom the lady further alludes, was not a piper in a Border town; he belonged to Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire, where the author of the song, Robert Sempill, the son of Sir James Sempill, of Beltrees, the ambassador to England in 1599, had an opportunity of being acquainted with his name and character. From the notoriety which Habbie thus acquired, the people of Kilbarchan have had some reason to be proud of having possessed such a personage; and his statue, copied from an original picture, has been affixed to the steeple of the school-house of the town.

## A CANDID WAITER.

We arrived at Greenock : what we could see of it by the dim light of gas, and through the somewhat opaque atmosphere of a Scotch mist, was anything but pleasant. The Tontine Hotel, however, had a warm reception for us.

"This is a very nice bedroom : it will do capitally," I said to the waiter. He was a wiry, cunning, clever-looking fellow.

"Ay, it's all right ; ye'll find every-thing guid in this hoose," he said, unstrapping my luggage. Then screwing his head round at me, he added, "But ye'll hae to pay for't." With which suggestive remark he left me.—*Gent. Magazine.*

## AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

Dr Adam Ferguson, who was chaplain to one of the Highland regiments, is well remembered for the fearlessness with which he went through his affecting and sacred duties in the midst of the hottest engagements. On one occasion, when the regiment to which he belonged was taking its ground preparatory to battle, Sir Robert Munro perceived the chaplain in the ranks, and with a friendly caution, told him there was no necessity for him to expose himself to unnecessary danger, and that he ought to be out of the line of fire. The doctor thanked Sir Robert for his friendly advice, but added, that on this occasion he had a duty which he was imperatively called upon to perform. Accordingly, he continued with the regiment during the whole of the action, in the hottest of the fire, praying with the dying, attending to the wounded, and directing them to be carried to a place of safety. By his fearless zeal, his intrepidity, and his friendship towards the soldiers (several of whom had been his schoolfellows at Dunkeld), his

amiable and cheerful manners, mixing among them with ease and familiarity, and being as ready as any of them with a poem or heroic tale, he acquired an unbounded ascendancy over them.—*R. Chambers.*

## ON SHANET ROY.

On a stone not far from Rob Roy's grave, at Balquhiddy, the following truly ludicrous inscription may be seen :

"Beneath this stane lies Shanet Roy,  
Shon Roy's reputed mother ;  
In a' her life, save this Shon Roy,  
She never had another.

"Tis here or here aboot, they say,  
The place no one can tell ;  
But when she'll rise at the last day,  
She'll ken the stane hersel'."

## HIGHLAND VENGEANCE.

So deep was the thirst for vengeance impressed on the minds of the Highlanders, that when a clergyman informed a dying chief of the unlawfulness of the sentiment, urged the necessity of his forgiving an inveterate enemy, and quoted the scriptural expression—

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," the acquiescing penitent said, with a deep sigh—

"To be sure, it is too sweet a morsel for a mortal." Then added, "Well, I forgive him ; but the de'il take you, Donald" (turning to his son). "if you forgive him."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

## AN ELECTION JOKE.

When Captain W—— was aspiring to represent the county of F—— in Parliament, he was visiting the constituency, and, coming into the house of

a worthy electoress, he observed a nice ham suspended from the ceiling, which roused his gastric propensities so much that he forgot all about the main point (the vote), and asked, as a favour, if the good housewife would cook a slice for his dinner. She at once acquiesced, and while still cooking, who should pop in before the Captain had time to mention the vote, but his opponent, Mr L—; but W—'s ready wit decided the all-important object of their visit by saying—

“Come awa', Mr L—, come awa' in by; ye're ower late for the vote noo, but ye're time enough for a bit o' the ha'u.”

#### A SCOTTISH PROVOST.

The magistrates of the Scottish burghs, though respectable men, are generally not the wealthiest in their respective communities. And it sometimes happens, in the case of very poor and remote burghs, that persons of a very inferior station alone can be induced to accept the uneasy dignity of the municipal chair. An amusing story is told regarding the town of L—, in B—shire, which is generally considered as a peculiarly miserable specimen of these privileged townships. An English gentleman approaching L— one day in a gig, his horse started at a great heap of dry wood and decayed branches of trees, which a very poor-looking old man was accumulating upon the road, apparently with the intention of conveying them to town for sale as firewood. The stranger immediately cried to the old man, desiring him, in no very civil terms, to clear the road, that his horse might pass. The old man, offended at the disrespectful language of the complainant, took no notice of him, but continued to hew away at his trees.

“You old dog,” the gentleman then exclaimed, “I'll have you brought be-

fore the provost, and put into prison for your disregard of the laws of the road.”

“Gang to the de'il, man, wi' your provost!” the woodcutter contemptuously replied; “*I'm provost mysel'.*”

#### IN MEMORIAM: TAMMY MESSER.

Here lies the banes of Tammy Messer,  
Of tarry woo' he was a dresser;  
He had some faults and mony merits;  
And died of drinking ardent spirits.

#### LIGHTS AND LIVERS.

Lord Cockburn, when at the bar, was pleading in a steamboat collision case. The case turned on the fact of one of the steamers carrying no lights, which was the cause of the accident. Cockburn insisting on this, wound up his eloquent argument with this remark—

“In fact, gentlemen, had there been more *lights*, there would have been more *livers*.”

#### AN OLD SCOTTISH PUNISHMENT.

It appears, from the Records of Justiciary, that a custom at one time prevailed in criminal jurisprudence of commuting sentence of death into gifting away the prisoners as slaves into perpetual servitude under specified masters. The following extract will make the mode of gifting understood:—

“At Perth, the 5th day of December 1701. The Commissioners of Justiciary of the south district, for securing the peace in the Highlands, considering that Donald Robertson, Alexander Stewart, John Robertson, and Donald M'Donald, prisoners within the Tolbooth, and indicted and tried at this court, and by virtue of the inquest, returned guilty of death; and the Com-

missioners have changed their punishment of death to perpetual servitude, and that the said pannels are at the court's disposal: Therefore, the said Commissioners have given and gifted, and hereby give and gift, the said Donald M'Donald, one of the said prisoners, as a perpetual servant to the Right Honourable John Earl of Tullibardine; recommending to his Lordship to provide a collar of brass, iron, or copper, which, by his sentence or doom, whereof an extract is delivered to the magistrates of the said burgh of Perth, is to be upon his neck, with this inscription—'Donald M'Donald, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, December 5, 1701, and gifted as a perpetual servant to John Earl of Tullibardine: 'Recommending to his Lordship to transport him from the said prison next week,' &c.

It would appear that a similar commutation was made of the doom of the other prisoners. About forty years ago some fishermen, in dragging their nets in the river Forth, above Alloa, brought up from the bottom a brass collar with this inscription upon it:—"Alexander Stewart, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, 5th December 1701, and gifted by the Justiciars, as a perpetual servant, to Sir John Aresken (Erskine) of Alva." This curious collar is now in the possession of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

#### A NATURAL RESULT.

The Very Rev. Principal Baird married a daughter of Provost Elder of Edinburgh. Dr James Gregory, the eminent physician, happening to dine with the provost, a remark was made on the terms in which the provost's name stood on the roll of Perthshire freeholders—"Thomas Elder, younger of Forneth, in right of Mrs Margaret Husband, his wife."

"Oh," said the Provost, "that is

not surprising, for my mother was a *Mann*."

"No wonder, then, observed Dr Gregory, "that your daughter has got a Baird."

#### A RELIQUARY OF BURNS.

An English gentleman visiting the widow of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, at Dumfries, was exceedingly anxious to obtain some *relic* of the bard, as he called it; that is, some scrap of his handwriting, or any other little object which could be considered a memorial of the deceased. Mrs Burns replied to all his entreaties, that she had already given away everything of that kind that was remarkable, or that she could think of parting with; that, indeed, she had no relic to give him. Still the visitant insisted, and still Mrs Burns declared her inability to satisfy him. At length, pushed by his good-humoured entreaties to an extremity, she as good-humouredly said, "Well, sir, unless you take myself, I really can think of no other *relic* (relict) of him that it is in my power to give or yours to receive." Of course this closed the argument.

#### BEARDING THE HANGMAN.

In Dumfries, in 1784, and subsequent years, the salary of Roger Wilson, the hangman, was £6 per annum, and a free house, valued at £1, 13s. 4d. In addition to this, he was permitted to dip his brass ladle into every sack of meal, barley, &c., exposed in the market. But Wilson was a respectable man, if such a term can be applied to a hangman—kept cows, sold milk, and had two daughters, who, for beauty and good behaviour, were the admiration of all the youth of the place. For long, therefore, Roger and the farmers and meal-dealers were on the best terms

possible Discreet and modest, nobody refused him, but, on the contrary, opened their sacks freely. A girl followed him with bags for receiving his miltures, according to their nature; and it was always remarked that, in the case of small sacks, he only took one-half, although entitled to a whole ladleful. At length, however, a spirit of resistance sprung up, and on one occasion a person of the name of Johnston not only refused the hangman his dues, but abused and threatened him into the bargain. As this was more than could be well borne, the functionary complained to Bailie Shaw, who instantly called the recusant before him, and attempted to reason him into a better way of thinking and acting. But he was deaf to all entreaty, bearded even the bailie, and in the end was sent to prison, where he lay for some time, disdainng everything in the shape of a compromise. In fact, when the magistrate tendered his discharge, he insolently replied, 'Him who sent me in maun come and tak' me out, or I'll no budge a single fit.' But the recusant, to use a common phrase, had what he considered good backing, and was merely an instrument in the hands of others. Accordingly, an action was raised in his name for wrongous imprisonment, and a second, in the shape of a declarator, to the effect that the magistrates of Dumfries had no right in law to let the hangman and his ladle loose on the public every market-day. Both actions were stoutly defended, and after years of litigation in the Court of Session, both were dismissed, and the defenders allowed all expenses. The exact amount of these we do not know; but that they were heavy, may be inferred from this fact, that the extract of the proceedings, which is still preserved, fills hundreds of closely written pages. Johnston's friends, who were so ready to flatter and urge him forward, took care to screen themselves from ulterior consequences:

their names were not in the bond, and their tool or instrument, from inability to meet the demands made on his purse, was a second time cast into prison, and became, in short, something very like a ruined man. At the conclusion of the litigation, one of the judges recommended to the Dumfries authorities some less objectionable method of paying their hangman—an advice which was taken in good part, and speedily acted upon by increasing Wilson's salary and abolishing the ladle dues.

#### HIGH LIVING.

A manufacturer of Paisley, after a long life of severe toil, and little indulgence in the comforts of life, was suddenly enriched at last by the death of a relative in the West Indies, who bequeathed him the bulk of his fortune. The old man was soon afterwards at Edinburgh, where he happened to be introduced to Lord Monboddo, to whom, at the same time, the story of his late acquisition of fortune was related.

"Then," said Monboddo, contemplating the spare figure of his new acquaintance, "you ought to live generously; you and your wife should begin to take a glass or two of wine, and otherwise improve your diet a little."

"Ay, auld man," said the Paisley weaver, evidently thinking the advice completely anticipated by the alteration he had already effected in his system of domestic economy, "we tak parritch and *sweet milk* to our supper noo."

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS.

The fondness of dogs for Sir Walter Scott must have been quite extraordinary. Swanston declares that he had to stand by when they were leaping and fawning about him, to beat them off, lest they should knock him down. One

day, when Sir Walter, Lady Scott, and Swanston were in the armoury, Maida (the dog which now lies at his feet in the monument at Edinburgh) being outside, had peeped in through the window (a beautifully painted one), and the instant he got a glance of his beloved master, he bolted right through it, and at him at once. Lady Scott, starting at the crash, exclaimed, "Oh, gracious! shoot him, Swanston."

But Sir Walter, caressing him with the utmost coolness, said, "No, no, mamma, though he were to break every window at Abbotsford. Ah! poor fellow! poor fellow!"

#### A HANGMAN'S REVENGE.

In the reign of Charles II., Alexander Cockburn, the hangman of Edinburgh, and who must have officiated at the exits of many of the "martyrs" in the Grassmarket, was found guilty of the murder of a "bluegown," or privileged beggar, and accordingly suffered that fate which he had so often meted out to other men. One Mackenzie, the hangman of Stirling, whom Cockburn had traduced and endeavoured to thrust out of office, was the triumphant executioner of the sentence.

#### HEARING THE EVIDENCE.

Robert Burns dined in Edinburgh with a large party, in company with Lord Swinton and the Honourable Henry Erskine. Honest Lord Swinton had become extremely deaf. From time to time he observed the company convulsed with laughter; but his deafness prevented him enjoying the exquisite humour of Mr Erskine. That, however, was of little consequence: he inquired at his next neighbour, "Is that my friend Harry?" Being answered in

the affirmative, he burst out into as hearty a laugh as the best of them, and in this manner partook in the general hilarity the whole evening. Burns next day mentioning the circumstance to a lady of his acquaintance, she expressed her astonishment that a man who could act so absurdly should sit as a judge on the lives and fortunes of his fellow-subjects.

"My dear madam," answered Burns, "you wrong the honest man; he acts exactly as a good judge ought; he does not decide before he has heard the evidence."

#### "GOOD MORNING!"

Sir William Forbes, founder of the Union Bank in Edinburgh, and a very polite man, was one afternoon leaving the bank, about four o'clock, with a plain country acquaintance, who had been doing business with him.

"Good morning," said Sir William, in parting with this person.

"Good mornin'!" cried the other, in surprise; "I got my denner twa hours syne."

#### THE WITNESS AND THE COAT.

The following examination, which took place in a question tried in 1817, in the Jury Court, between the Trustees of Kinghorn and the Town of Kirkcaldy, affords a striking proof of that *caution* which is held to be a prominent feature in the character of a Scotchman.

The witness was called on the part of the trustees, and apparently full of their interest. The counsel having heard that the man had got a present of a coat from the clerk to the trustees before coming to attend the trial, thought proper to interrogate him on that point; as, by proving this, it would have the effect of completely setting aside his

testimony. The examination was as follows:—

Q. Pray, where did you get that coat? The witness (looking obliquely down on the sleeve of his coat, and from thence to the counsel), with a mixture of effrontery and confusion, exclaimed—

A. Coat, coat, sir! Where gat I that coat?

Q. I wish to know where you got that coat?

A. Maybe ye ken where I got it.

Q. No; but we wish to know from whom you got it?

A. Did ye gi'e me that coat?

Q. Tell the jury where you got that coat?

A. What's your business wi' that?

Q. It is material that you tell the Court where you got the coat?

A. I'm no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. Do you not recollect whether you bought that coat, or whether it was given to you?

A. I canna recollect every thing about ma coats—whan I get them, or where I get them.

Q. You said you remembered perfectly well about the boats forty-two years ago, and the people that lived at Kirkcaldy then, and John More's boat; and can you not recollect where you got that coat you have on at present?

A. I'm no gaun to say ony thing about coats.

Q. Did Mr Douglas, clerk to the trustees, give you that coat?

A. How do you ken ony thing about that?

Q. I ask you, did Mr Douglas, clerk to the trustees, give you that coat?

A. I'm no bound to answer that question, but merely to tell the truth.

Q. So you won't tell where you got that coat?

A. I didna get the coat to do ony thing wrang for't; I didna engage to say ony thing that was na true.

The Lord Chief Commissioner, when the witness was going out of the box, called him back, and observed—

“The Court wish to know from you something farther about this coat. It is not believed or suspected that you got it improperly or dishonestly, or that there is any reason for your concealing it. You may have been disinclined to speak about it, thinking that there was something of insult or reproach in the question put from the bar. You must be sensible that the bench can have no such intention; and it is for your credit, and the sake of your testimony, to disclose fairly where you got it. There may be discredit in concealing, but none in telling where you got it.”

Q. Where did you get the coat?

A. I'm no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. True, you are not obliged to tell where you got it, but it is for your own credit to tell?

A. I didna come here to tell about coats, but to tell about boats and pin-naces.

Q. If you do not tell, I must throw aside your evidence altogether.

A. I'm no gaun to say ony thing about ma coat; I'm no obliged to say ony thing about it.

Witness went away, and was called back by Lord Gillies.

Q. How long have you had that coat?

A. I dinna ken how lang I hae had ma coat. I hae plenty o' coats. I dinna mind about this coat or that coat.

Q. Do you remember anything near the time: have you had it a year, a month, or a week? Have you had it a week?

A. Hoot, ay, I daresay I may.

Q. Have you had it a month?

A. I dinna ken; I cam' here to speak about boats, and no about coats.

Q. Did you buy the coat?

A. I dinna mind what coat I bought, or what coat I got.

The consequence was, that their lordships were forced to reject the evidence of this witness.—*Scots Mag.*

### “WHO STOLE THE WEB?”

Many years ago, in the parish of Carsphairn, in Galloway—a rude and sequestered district—there were only three freemasons, the minister, and a tailor and a mason. The mason, being desirous to introduce his son to the same mystery, caused a lodge to be called for the purpose at a lonely cottage, where the ceremonies were proceeding when a knock was heard at the door. The mason, whose name was Dun, went to see who it was, and found an old woman, who addressed him as follows:—

“The masons are met the nicht?”

“Yes.”

“Weel, ye ken my web was stolen last week.”

“Yes, Janet; but what business has that wi’ the mason meeting?”

“Ou, ye ken, ye’ll be raising the de’il, and I wad just like if you wad ask him, *since he’s there at ony rate*, wha stole the web.”

“Oh, ay, Janet; just you gang away, then, and we’ll see what we can do.”

Mr Dun then returned to the interior of the cottage, and mentioned to the minister what had passed between him and the old woman. The clergyman rebuked him severely for conceding to the superstitious notions of the aged crone, and said he feared that it would “affront them a’.”

“Nae fear o’ that,” answered the mason; “just leave it all to me.”

Next day, when Janet called upon Mr Dun, he told her that “the de’il” had not exactly communicated the name of the thief, but he had mentioned that if the goods were not returned before Thursday next, the house of the guilty

person would fall upon him in the night time, and the whole family would be killed. This, he said, was a great secret, and he strictly forbade her communicating it to more than one person.

Away went Janet, quite satisfied; although it might have been expected to occur to her, that the prediction of punishment to a thief was not exactly a characteristic piece of conduct on the part of Old Nick. The secret was speedily imparted to her next-door neighbour, with many injunctions as to the propriety of letting it go no farther. As a matter of course, it was known to the whole parish before night.

On the third morning thereafter, Janet’s web was found lying at her door, with a part which had been cut off attached to the main body of it with pins.

### REELING AND SPINNING.

Dr C—, of Cupar, was in the habit of taking his evening walk on the high-road in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. During one of these stated excursions, he had occasion to meet several people returning from Ceres market, whose conversation and step indicated that Ceres and Bacchus had not been separated. Amongst the rest, a well-known, canty little body, of the name of “Tibby Brown,” hove in sight, manifestly after having made, as was sometimes Tibby’s practice, a little too free with a certain little stoup, which contains a gill. Tibby was a character, and though somewhat addicted to a glass at “orra” times, was a well-doing body upon the whole, kept a clean well-swept house, a sony cat, and a cheerful tongue in her head. Tibby, however, had that day disposed of some sale yarn, and had tithed the price to the amount of a cheerful glass with the merchant who purchased it. Tibby was close upon her pastor ere she perceived him,



and finding it impossible to retreat, did what most people would have done in her circumstances: she put the best face on it possible—brought up her leeway—steadied her pace to a miracle—cocked her head—and, from her very anxiety to disguise her unsteadiness, immediately tripped, stumbled, and all *but* came in contact with the venerable doctor.

He saw Tibby's situation, and knew her general character as well as her foible; so continuing that benignity of countenance which was natural to him, he proceeded to rally Tibby in the following terms:—

"Hout, tout, Tibby, woman, ye're *reeling*, I see."

Tibby heard the assertion, and being more accustomed to the professional than to the English sense of the term, incontinently and gaily rejoined—

"Weel, minister, ye ken a body canna aye be spinning."

#### A CLEVER SMITH.

On the day of the battle of Philiphaugh, the Earl of Traquair departed from his house in Tweeddale, attended by a blacksmith, one of his retainers, and advanced towards Selkirk with a large sum of money, for the payment of Montrose's forces. As they crossed Minchmoor, they were alarmed by firing, which the Earl conceived to be Montrose exercising his forces, but which his attendant, from the constancy and regularity of the noise, affirmed to be the tumult of an engagement. As they came below Broadmeadows, upon Yarrow, they met their fugitive friends hotly pursued by the Parliamentary troopers. The Earl, of course, turned and fled also; but his horse, jaded with the weight of dollars which he carried, refused to take the hill; so that the Earl was fain to exchange with his

attendant, leaving him with the breathless horse and bag of silver to shift for himself, which he is supposed to have done very effectually. Some of Leslie's dragoons, attracted by the appearance of the horse and trappings, gave chase to the smith, who fled up the Yarrow; but finding himself, as he said, encumbered with the treasure, and unwilling that it should be taken, he threw it into a well or pond near the Tinnies, Hangingshaw. Many wells were afterwards searched in vain; but it is the general belief that the smith, if he ever hid the money, knew too well how to anticipate the scrutiny. There is, however, a pond which some peasants drained, in hopes of finding the golden prize, but were prevented, as they pretended, by supernatural interference.

#### SUMMARY JUSTICE.

April 27, 1601.—Archibald Cornuel, town officer, hanged at the Cross, and hung on the gallows twenty-four hours; and the cause wherefor he was hanged; he, being an unmerciful, greedy creature, poynded an honest man's house; and amongst the rest he poynded the king and queen's *parlour*; and when he came to the Cross to comprise (appraise and expose by auction) the same, he hung them up on two nails on the same gallows to be comprised; and they being seen, word went to the king and queen, whereupon he was apprehended and hanged.—*Kincaid*.

#### BLEEDING AT THE TOUCH.

Menaces, as testifying the desire of mischief, were rated as equivalent to imprecations; the proper distinction between divine and human vengeance not being sufficiently understood. Both

produced a fatal revulsion on the intemperate. The indictment of Beatrix Leslie states, that one of two damsels, coalbearers, "letting ane coall fall, killed your catt. Therefter, the tuo damsell having cast away your creill with coalls, yow threatened them that you wold sie ane ill sight upon them befor eight days past; and so it fell out, that be your sorcerie and witchcraft, befor the expiring of eight days, according to your threatening, they were both killed in the coall pitt, and none els hurt bot they: albeit divers others wer verry neir hand: as also incontinent, after yow came and tuched them, they did both gush out in blood."

By a superstition, dangerous to the innocnt, which prevailed long in Scotland, as in all European countries, this was assumed as a test of guilt in occult cases:—Were evidence defective, amidst pregnant presumptions, and doubts, still hovering over the truth, if the corpse bled either at the mouth or the nose, on the approach of the suspected assassin, it proved his guilt. Accordingly, when in this instance the accused touched the bodies of the deceased, "they both bled, one behind the lug, and the vther at the nose;" and witnesses bore testimony "that they bled not," though others touched them.

A man and his sister were at variance: he died suddenly, and his body was found in his own house naked, with a wound on the face, but bloodless. "Althoe many of the nychtbours in the toun came into the hous to sie the dead corps, yett schoe never offered to come; howbeit hir dwelling was nixt adjacent thereto: nor had schoe soe mutch as any seiming grief for his death. But the minister and baillifes of the toun taking great suspitione of her, in respect of her cariadge, commanded that schoe sould be brought in. But when schoe come, schoe come trembling all the way to the hous, schoe refused to come nigh to the corps, or to tuitche,

saying, that scho never tuitched a dead corps in hir life. But being earnestlie entreated by the minister and bailliffes, and her brother's friends, who was killed, and scho wold but tuitche the corps softlie, scho granted to doe it. But befor schoe did it, the sone schyneing in at the hous, schoe exprest herself thus: 'Humbly desyring, as the Lord made the sone to schyne and give light into that house, that also he wold give light in discovering that murder:' and with these woords, schoe tuitching the wound of the dead man verie softlie, it being whyt and clein, without any spot of blood or the like; yet, imediatlie while her finger was vpone it, the blood rushed out of it, to the great admiratione of all the beholders, whoe tooke it as ane discoverie of the murder, according to her awne prayer."

In the year 1688, Sir James Standfield having been found dead in a stream, he was interred precipitately. On exhumation, after resting two days in the grave, his body was partially dissected, and the neck in particular was laid open, in order to ascertain the cause of death. After being well cleansed, blood burst from that side supported by his son Philip, on returning the body to the coffin for a second sepulture—no unlikely consequence of straining the incisions;—and it deeply stained his hand. He was arraigned for parricide; and in the course of the procedure, to obtain conviction, it was argued, that this peculiar incident denoted the disclosure of an occult crime, by the will of Providence.

Janet Rendall was sent for by a man, who suspected she had bewitched him, but he expired before her arrival—"haueing laid his death on hir. How shoone as she came in, the cors haueing lyin ane guid space, and not haueing bled any, imediatlie bled mutch bluid, as ane suir takin that slio was the authour of his death."—*Dalyell*.

## HAL O' THE WYND.

About the year 1392, a serious feud broke out betwixt two confederations of Highlanders, and it was resolved that the difference should be decided by a combat of thirty men of the clan Chattan, against the same number of the clan Kay; that the battle should take place on the North Inch of Perth, a beautiful and level meadow, in part surrounded by the river Tay; and that it should be fought in the presence of the king, at that time Robert III., and his nobles.

The day having arrived whereon the combat should take place, the parties on each side were drawn out, armed with sword and target, axe and dagger, and stood looking on each other with fierce and savage aspects, when, just as the signal for fight was expected, the commander of the clan Chattan perceived that one of his men, whose heart had failed him, had deserted his standard. There was no time to seek another man from the clan; so the chieftain, as his only resource, was obliged to offer a reward to any one who would fight in the room of the fugitive. One Henry Wynd, a citizen of Perth, and a saddler by trade, a little bandy-legged man, but of great strength and activity, and well accustomed to use the broadsword, offered himself, for half a French crown, to serve on the part of the clan Chattan in the battle of that day.

The signal was then given by sound of the royal trumpets, and of the great war bagpipes of the Highlanders, and the two parties fell on each other with the utmost fury, their natural ferocity of temper being excited by feudal hatred against the hostile clan, zeal for the honour of their own, and a consciousness that they were fighting in presence of the king and nobles of Scotland. As they fought with the two-handed sword and axe, the wounds they inflicted on

each other were of a ghastly size and character. Heads were cloven asunder, limbs were lopped from the trunk. The meadow was soon flooded with blood, and covered with dead and wounded men.

In the midst of the deadly conflict, the chieftain of the clan Chattan observed that Henry Wynd, after he had slain one of the clan Kay, drew aside, and did not seem willing to fight more.

"How is this?" said he; "art thou afraid?"

"Not I," answered Henry; "but I have done enough of work for half a crown."

"Forward and fight!" said the Highland chief; "he that doth not grudge his day's work, I will not stint him in his wages."

Thus encouraged, Henry Wynd again plunged into the conflict, and, by his excellence as a swordsman, contributed a great deal to the victory, which at length fell to the clan Chattan. Ten of the victors, with Henry Wynd, whom the Highlanders called the *Gow Chrom* (that is, the crooked or bandy-legged smith, though he was a saddler, for war-saddles were then made of steel), were left alive, but they were all wounded. Only one of the clan Kay survived, and he was unhurt. But this single individual dared not oppose himself to eleven men, though all more or less hurt, but, throwing himself into the Tay, swam to the other side, and went off to carry to the Highlands the news of his clan's defeat. It is said he was so ill received by his kinsmen that he put himself to death.

Some part of the above story is matter of tradition, but the general fact is certain. Henry Wynd was rewarded to the Highland chieftain's best abilities; but it was remarked, that, when the battle was over, he was not able to tell the name of the clan he fought for, replying, when asked on which side he

had been, that he was fighting for his own hand. Hence the proverb—

“Every man for his own hand, as Harry Wynd fought.”—*Sir W. Scott.*

#### SLOGANS, OR WAR-CRIES.

Every clan and great family, and also various towns, had formerly its Slogan, or War-cry. Slogan is properly slug-horne, from the Irish *sluagh*, an army, and *corn*, a horn. Several of these animating calls consisted simply of a repetition of the name of the chief, as, “a Home, a Home!” “a Douglas, a Douglas!” “Gordon, Gordon, bydand!” The Setons had “Set on,” a pun upon the name. Others were formed of an expressive sentence. The Hepburns had “Bide me fair!” the Stewarts of Lennox, “Avant, Dernel!” the Grants, “Stand fast, Craigellachie!” [a wooded hillock near Aviemore, in Strathspey, the country of the Grants]; the town of Jedburgh, “Jethart’s here!” the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds, “A dh’ain deoin co ’heireadh e!” or as Sir Walter Scott spells it in Waverley, “Ganyen Coheriga,” which means, “In spite of whoever may say to the contrary.” Other slogans consisted of the name of the place where the clans, or the adherents of the chief, were rendezvoused on occasions of danger. Thus, Scott of Buccleuch had “Bellenden!” a place near the head of Borthwick water, in the midst of the extensive possessions of that powerful family. The Cranstouns had “Henwoodie,” a place on Oxnam water; Mercer of Aldie, “The Grit Pule;” the Forbesees, “Lonachin,” a hilly ridge in Strathdon; the Farquharsons, “Cairn-na-cuen,” *i.e.*, the Hill of Remembrance, a mountain in Braemar; the Macphersons, “Craig-dbu,” a high, black, conspicuous rock in Badenoch; the chief of Glengary, “Craggan-an-fhithich,” the rock of the raven; the

Mackenzies, “Tullich-ard,” a hill in Kintail, which yet forms the crest of the Seaforth branch of the family; Macfarlane, “Loch Sloy,” a small lake between Loch Lomond and Loch Long; Buchanan, “Clare Innis,” an island in Loch Lomond; Macgregor, “O’ ard choille,” the wooded height; the rendezvous, it will be observed, being generally a conspicuous place in the territories of the family. The slogan of Dumfries is “Loreburn,” a vacant space near the town, where the inhabitants were marshalled on occasions of danger—for the first time, we believe, in 1715, when an attack was anticipated from the rebel Lord Kenmure. The word is still inscribed on the provost’s baton of office. The town of Hawick had for its war-cry the words “Terri buss and terri odin,” which we have never heard explained, though they are still inscribed on the banner which the inhabitants carry at their annual festival of the riding of the marches.—*Robert Chambers.*

#### “JOCK” DALGLEISH.

A man named John Dalgleish was at one time the “dempster” or hangman of Edinburgh. He it was who acted at the execution of Wilson, the smuggler, in 1736, and who is alluded to so frequently in the tale of the “Heart of Midlothian.” Dalgleish, it was said, was looked upon, before his taking up this office, as a person in creditable circumstances. He is memorable for one pithy saying. Some one asking him how he contrived, in whipping a criminal, to adjust the weight of his arm—

“Oh,” said he, “I lay on the lash according to my conscience.”

Either “Jock,” or some later official, was remarked to be a regular *hearer* at the Tolbooth Church. As no other person would sit in the same seat, he always had a pew to himself. He regularly attended the communion; but here

the exclusiveness of his fellow-creatures also marked itself, and the clergyman was obliged to serve a separate table for the hangman, after the rest of the congregation had retired from the church.

LINES ON SIR JAMES STEWART, LORD  
ADVOCATE.

Sir James Stewart was very unpopular with the Jacobite party, who vented their spleen against him in lampoons. To them he was indebted for the sobriquet of Jamie Wylie. He held the office of Lord Advocate, with the exception of one year, from 1692 until his death in 1713. The beautiful estate of Goodtrees (commonly pronounced Gutters), and now called Moredun, in the parish of Liberton, belonged to him. In the Scottish Pasquils will be found the following pithy lines upon Sir James, from a MS. of old Robert Mylne:—

Sir James Stewart thou'lt hing  
In a string ;  
Sir James Stewart, knave  
And rogue thou art,  
For thou ne'er had a true heart  
To God or King ;  
Sir James Stewart thou'lt hing  
In a string.

—*Court of Session Garland.*

BONFIRES OR BAILFIRES.

The recognition of the pagan divinity Baal or Bel, the Sun, is discovered through innumerable etymological sources. In the records of Scottish history, down to the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, multiplied prohibitions were issued from the fountains of ecclesiastical ordinances, against kindling *Bailfires*, of which the origin cannot be mistaken. The festival of this divinity was commemorated in Scotland until the

latest date. Should it have been ever truly interrupted, the citizens of the metropolis seem willing to promote its revival in recollection, by ascending a neighbouring hill, Arthur's Seat, in troops, on the first of May, to witness the glorious spectacle of sunrise from the sea.—*Dalyell.*

MANAGING A WITNESS.

In one case in which Jeffrey and Cockburn, when advocates, were engaged, a question arose as to the sanity of one of the parties concerned.

"Is the defendant, in your opinion, perfectly sane?" said Jeffrey, interrogating one of the witnesses, a plain, stupid-looking countryman.

The witness gazed in bewilderment at the questioner, but gave no answer. Jeffrey repeated it, altering the words—

"Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?" Still in vain. "I ask you," said Jeffrey, "do you consider the man perfectly rational?" No answer yet.

"Let me tackle him," said Cockburn. Then, assuming his broadest Scottish tone, and turning to the obdurate witness, he began—

"Hae ye your mull wi' ye?"

"Ou, ay," said the awkward Cimon, stretching out his snuff-horn.

"Noo, hoo lang hae ye kent John Sampson?" said Cockburn, taking a pinch.

"Ever since he was that height," was the ready reply, the witness indicating with his hand the alleged altitude.

"An' d'ye think noo, atween you an' me," said the advocate, in his most insinuating Scottish manner, "that there's onything in the creatur?"

"I wudna lippen him wi' a bull-calf," was the instant and brilliant rejoinder.

The end was attained, amid the convulsions of the court.